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HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor and Publisher.

Written for the New-York Saturday Press.

THE LAST SLEEP OF HOWENSTIEN.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO',

Author of 'Getting Along,' 'Victoria; Or The World Overcome,' etc.

> "I to my-self was false ere thou to me:
> Such pardon, therefore, as I give my folly,
> Take to thy wicked deed."—*Samson Agonistes.*

You see what shells you get from a Daguerreotypist. The sun cannot paint a soul, though you constrain him to work by an instrument. Do you believe that Pegasus is really good at ploughing? What means a Sewing Machine? Explain to me how those who cannot love will dignify their inefficience by a mask of criticism.

I am thinking of the lot of Howenstien, and how he died.

DIED. Will you then turn this page as if the plague were in it? Did CHRIST'S revelation end when courteous Joseph opened his new sepulchre to receive the "Death of death?"

Men, it seems, will not, in *all* things, be constrained by custom. They will not, for instance, all die decorously in their beds; nor, after one fashion, nor with one intent, sleep their last sleep.

One will be transfigured in a church, even in the midst of prayer. A preacher will pause in the pulpit with a "lastly" he has no need, as well as no power, to unfold. It is concluded for him. A girl will stoop over a precipice to pluck a flower, and find, all in a moment, that she has gathered from the "heavenly hill."

Howenstien's rest came upon him strangely, if the hearer likes the word.

Let us sit here by this brook-side, where he has often lingered, and recall something of his now completed life. It never harmed a man to rest for half an hour under the shade of trees like these, whose branches stretch so grandly far beyond the stream, unless the man was thinking thoughts that could only make silence a horror.

Yonder is the house of Howenstien. Last week he was brought hither. Across the stream, and up the lawn, the man was carried, helpless, dying; and now he is dead. We are far enough removed to speak with freedom, without disturbing mourners; yet if any one has anything to say [illegible] forthwith.

I loved Howenstien.

He designed that cottage you see over yonder—a cottage not beyond the means of any honest laborer; for the fine effect proceeds, as you would find on near examination, from the happy combination of all things involved. The cottage was not a study merely on the day when he set out to build it. For years he had been pondering his plan; and as soon as that was settled, he found himself at any moment free to build. Until he came to this conclusion, or discovery, he had always supposed he should need capital far greater than he hoped to command in many years for building purposes; but now he saw that he might at once proceed.

With a glad heart he laid the foundations of his home, and reared the superstructure. Not in silence was this temple, sacred to love, built. The timber was brought, the house was planned, and many a nail driven, by Howenstien's own hand, amid such songs as free and happy builders sing. Under his own supervision the grounds were laid out. He planted shrubs, and evergreens, and perpetually-blooming roses, and what was far better, as you can perceive from this distance, he left those splendid tokens of the ancient forest to cast their shadows round his door.

Howenstien was a born poet, but an architect by profession. He never wrote a line of verse.

Jessie, to whom he was married when his house was built, told me, however, that when he had filled the country with his ideas in wood, or stone, (so great was his ambition!) she would place a pen in his hand, and he would then give the world a new and lovely revelation. I remember how she loved to prophesy such things, when she talked with those who loved her husband.

It was said, generally, that Ralph Howenstien had a conscience in his work—that there was no confusion in his ideas. His range of work, the best critics allowed, if limited, was real. He made no mistakes. Jessie's confidence in him was a divine endorsement of this characterization.

When a woman says to me, "I love to read stories of "love, even though I know them to be fictions; they "beguile me for a while, and restore the illusions of "youth," I regard her and her husband with dreary astonishment. Wherefore is it that a girl's dreams *should* exceed woman's knowledge?

Jessie Howenstien—ah! I was about to appeal to her for such intelligence and confirmation as she would have given us, surely, ten years ago! But she sits over there in her cottage, widowed. Yet, if widowed, must her heart needs be broken? And, if her heart be not broken, is she glad of her deliverance? O cease!

Ralph Howenstien fell in with gabblers, and they ruined him. Association in this instance brought not merely its grain of good, but its unmeasured evil. It is possible for the best company to quite ruin a man. It may help him to correct himself, yet, in the process, eliminate that which individualized him—rob him thus of his soul's brave integrity. Before he knew it, almost, Howenstien became the member of a clique,—say, rather, he was caught in a net, unaware! Then his somewhat narrow vision must needs be enlarged—then his free action must be modified—restrained.

No one could illustrate a principle more skilfully than our poor architect. But deceivers, who had at least this excuse, that they were self-deceived, laid hold of him, and before he understood well what he did, Howenstien was toiling among their unsafe foundations, and elaborating their foolish superstructures.

He was a responsible man in this, that the beauty thus made manifest was that which common people could in some measure realize. So fair a structure! Of course the builder took good heed whereon he built! (We take so much for granted—and one concession necessitates such vast allowance!) People would dare to live in the buildings of Howenstien, Architect. They would dare to cross his bridges—though he spanned the wild Niagara!

Of course he became *popular*. And riches wait on popularity. Could the world spare such an one to himself? The world is not proved an idiot in making bargains. If it gives itself to you, will you, ingrate, cheat it of your soul?

But Howenstien reserved at least his share of retirement. He loved that little cottage, and the tasteful grounds, the ancient forest trees. The place was paradise to Jessie, and to him. Wild flowers sprung up in the lawn, and on its borders; his taste discerned their shapes; it took loving cognizance of all nature's architectural perfection: the pointed spires of grass, the exquisite grace and freedom of the mosses, the shapes of forest leaves, were precious revelations of ideas to him; by them he wrought out many "a strange device"—producing marvellous effects in every attempt at ornamentation.

Jessie believed in Ralph, as true women will always believe in true poets. A showman takes the credit of a national ovation, but Jenny Lind remains, and—"*Where is Barnum?*"

Even if Howenstein's own heart had condemned him in any idea he retained, Jessie's recognition of its truth might have established him, so true was she. And if in any moment of doubt he had held fast to her acceptation of him, and advanced so to her perception of him, he would have obtained thus an undisputed evidence of his own power, and so its better mastery.

He understood that love is the great teacher. Understood it so well, that when he won the love of Jessie he felt his life was safe; he had nothing more to fear, but all things to expect. In their simplicity and generosity, the woman and the man were like two children. Their happiness crowned them. Their love was inspiration. With a single eye Ralph pursued his work, and his work praised him. Until the praise of men bewildered him!

That praise did not come to him merely as commendation and intelligence; the answer to the question proposed by his work, *Is* this strength, order, harmony, truth? But, painfully elaborated by critical suggestion. He had so much to learn! was the conclusion involved in all the commendation. And of course there were diversities of opinion elicited the instant he attempted a public operation. If his design pleased any sufficiently to draw forth an expression of that pleasure, immediately the opposing spirit of others was aroused, and jealousy, and malice, and narrowness of vision, took such vengeance as was possible for the evidence of a new exposition of truth and beauty in the world.

Besides these, there were others not jealous, not malicious, who lacked breadth of understanding, depth of knowledge, but for whom education and culture had done far more than these had done for Howenstien; and had given them authority. They had obtained the world's belief, and so their word was law.

Did these men stand in their authority to administer harsh criticism on the work of our dear friend? Not they. They set to work religiously disposed to help him. This powerful young genius, they said, needs only direction to become, what? their equals, did they mean? Oh Greece and Egypt! whence arise all these life deciding judges who tyrannise in Israel?

Ralph Howenstien resisted these men. How? Not as a man fights against his foes, for life. He loved them well. They talked their [illegible] and [illegible] benign condescension, were so royally reverent, they wrought such fine-seeming, such inevitably false things! And was he forever to discriminate? The ruin was that he did not withdraw when he found that surely he and they could not breathe the same atmosphere without destruction somewhere. And he was one—and they were many.

Ask Jessie. She could tell you how he came home after his first commission was bestowed by the public; what a cloud hung over him on that proud day, whose joy he had often prophesied. Do you say so it is ever? That the good things of this world, to which youth looks forward as only youth dares to anticipate—always, when won, fall short of the joy and glory promised? Will you thus falsely infer, and so blame life, and dishoner the Giver of life? I tell you, it is because the man who achieves, has surrendered *himself* in the achievement, if it be that in his gain he has not won tenfold what he anticipated. What *is* victory but an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace? The disappointed usually merit disappointment. Not on the broad ground of general, but on the narrow point of personal, insufficience.

So, as I said, when Howenstien came home with that commission, his wife looked at him with surprise. She could not understand his depression, until he explained it. He had to say to her, that though his design had been accepted, in preference to the designs of many competitors, it had been accepted on conditions that took all credit from him to his mind.

The explanation shocked that faithful soul. But she said, with the readiness of invincible integrity—

"Let it alone, then, Ralph. You must be true to yourself, you know. You can live without such a commission. Let other men build on that foundation their superstructure, for after all it is not yours if you surrender your idea to their fancy, even though you do the work."

"I know," he answered, almost sadly. But he added, not quite patiently, "If ever I am to do any conspicuous, great work, it is time I began."

"For my part," said Jessie, thoughtfully, "I would choose that you should never do a great thing, as you call it. If you filled the country with homes built up after your true thought and knowledge of what should be, you might well rest content to let others make a parade and ostentation about the public works. You can do what you will with the people, Ralph. I know the common people will hear you gladly, because your ideas are capable of being modified according to their means—they are so true. Such beautiful truth is in them."

"It is too late, Jessie. The thing is settled, you see, and the contract signed and sealed." Poor fellow! he spoke as a man speaks to a child, whom he loves indeed, but of whom he expects no counsel. And he began to busy himself with his designs, and his wife turned away with a sigh, as she remembered that she had merely repeated to her husband his own doctrine and theory of life and action, in those last words; and it pained her to feel that he must recognize his truth while yet he denied it.

So he had the building of the great Academy of Music—that I think it was: an edifice at least designed for the conduct of some high educational purpose. But, though here and there the architect might carry out his free and happy thought, he was perpetually cramped and hindered, and at the very points of the great structure where his inspiration would have carried him on to the finest result of working.

What peace had his conscience? What rest had his labor, when aiming perpetually to make truths out of falsehoods—good results out of bad combinations—compelled constantly to shadow graceful truths with heavy, ugly untruths; crown a column with a foreign capital!

So did this evil labor distract the poor architect that, I really believe, if he could only have deceived himself with the conviction that thus the matter would be remedied, Howenstein would himself have applied the incendiary torch to that great building ere it was half completed. But he had given *himself* to the evolution of falsehood; and was that an evidence to be burnt out of time and space, like so much wood and stubble?

Whoever enters these great gates, Ralph would say to himself, as day after day he passed through them, whoever enters here, from city, or from country, must be struck by the fatal incongruity. Oh, we seem to rise towards heaven indeed, with our pillars and dome, but it is all a pretence! The effect is all marred and broken—it is all inconclusive. It has neither strength nor beauty—it will not live even a century—for there is no immortal life in the conception.

He haunted that vast building of which he was the Architect.

Jessie sometimes would persuade her heart—for tenderness will often submit to self deception, though Love will have its vengeance—she would persuade her heart that now while he was so much away from her, by day and by night, he was surely gaining strength, delight, and courage, for the work he directed.

Now and then he would endure to repeat to her the praise of men, but of God's praise in his conscience, he said nothing. And long ere the building was completed, orders for designs were pouring in upon him—rewards of success—proofs of popularity!

Often in these days when Ralph and Jessie, in some hour snatched from toil and hurry, walked about these grounds together, or sat or stood side by side in the portico, with their eyes turned this way (to the East you will observe!), Howenstein, feeling now that he had means at command, would talk of the improvements he must make, here and there about the grounds, and in the cottage. But, thank heaven! these changes were never made!

Jessie can look about the place this day and see no change to aggravate her grief. Far as I can discern, it is the very home to which she drew near when for the first time Howenstein led her across the flower-sprinkled lawn.

Of course some change has taken place, in grove and garden; nature knows it better than I; for she has taken heed of violet bloom, and bearing branch, of dying tree and withered flower. But she still holds the pretty nook for the very same, and so may we, in spite of growth and death.

Of course it became necessary that Howenstien should leave this secluded residence, remove to town, and live henceforth among men.

His privacy in the country was perpetually invaded; better retain no show of it whatever. He was not his own master, in short. He must go where he could be of utmost and constant service. So Ralph and Jessie went to town, not long after the great building was completed. And when everybody praised that fine Academy, and "the fame of the architect was established," as the art journals of the country had it, (by which the critics vaunted that they had made captive Howenstien's power, even as the conscience of poor Howenstien—poor because of such praise,—plainly showed to him)—when everybody praised the fine Academy, I say, and Jessie read and heard, she smiled, dear soul, and looked at her architect, and remembered his [illegible] said, half sighing:

"[illegible] well, dear, and they must have their way for once, I suppose. But we know how it might have been better. They would have it so. The blame be with them."

To which Ralph answered hastily:

"O well, I don't know. Live and learn, they say."

"Yes; but," she replied, surprised, "I see more clearly—now the thing is done—than I could before, though I did apprehend your idea. Still I am sorry you kept not to that. You should have made them surrender to you, or else let alone their great buildings. They praise the idea; but you could have lived without such praise. It does not belong to *you*, Ralph. Of course they would praise their own. We could do without that. Indeed, what *is* it to us?"

"They must have what they must—what they can," said Howenstein, who believed after all, it seemed, that God and mammon *could* be served, and that somehow the Teacher had made a mistake. "I cannot walk ahead of my time much to the purpose," he continued. "Of course, Jessie, I can think of edifices grander than any seen yet in this country, but their eyes would not behold them, even were they built."

"Then let them alone," answered the true woman, "Grass and flowers grow where there is no room for trees."

"Fritter away my life doing small things!" exclaimed he, impatiently.

"Yes," she answered; "yes, Howenstien, and die doing them, if that is the best they will have. You can at least be true in that. And if you were born before your time, holy one, are you to complain? Who ordained your life? Let another come when the time is ready, and do joyfully, and in perfect freedom, the work you cannot do, except with pain and under cruel constraint. But I say it is not little work, beloved. I say that every cottage you build may be a prophecy which the great Hereafter, as surely as it does great things, will be compelled to unfold. If they will only receive it in small measure, why thank God that they will take it at all."

"Ah, she has no ambition," said Howenstien to himself; but he answered his wife with a kiss. And their diversity could not separate them.

Jessie had only to watch and wait; and she said, "It is by fasting and prayer that such an evil is got rid of in the world. He is not lost to his best work—he shall not be lost to it."

So did Jessie wait with expectation, cherishing the gospel Ralph had preached in youth, and deemed he held now, with only a little different interpretation!

With all the new orders that poured in upon him in these days, Howenstien was not so harassed and so consciously degraded by the suggestions of men in authority, as he had once been, because he accepted their limitations, their suggestions, their ideas, and acted upon them; and then, unfolding his own, as he called the poor mutilated remnant, prevented from its proper and righteous development by their influences, of course they praised and wondered. Aye, he commanded criticism, having submitted to it.

No public work was now considered too important for Ralph Howenstien. Cathedrals, towers, private palaces, hotels, colleges, must bear his mark. His taste, his skill, his genius, were incessantly demanded. His work took him everywhere; and at home it became needful that he should live in state, as a rich man—a man of leisure—this hard-working man of Thought! He submitted. His residence, town and country, would not have shamed the pretensions of a prince.

In every new relation he was called on to assume, his wife was faithful to him. She endured the glare of the world, because it forced itself into their home; and she was so great in faith as to believe that the evil could not last forever. Her heart was full of charity, and she was patient. O what labors she endured! what loathsomeness she suffered! what weakness she strengthened! what poverty she enriched! what sickness she healed! It seemed as if Jessie lived in constant consciousness of double duty that must be performed. And when her husband smiled with complaisance, she smiled in pity and in charity, and prayed, and loved, and kept herself unspotted from the world, and held life's true purpose true for two.

A long time this went on; until it fairly seemed as if the fictitious circumstances of Ralph's domestic life and professional career, were really those that properly belonged to him, and were dependent on him, the best, the happiest, and the most honorable.

A great work which Howenstien conceived in his youth, and which it was his life's intention to project among the great facts of the world when the right time should arrive, at last came to be named. The minds of men were agitated by the mention of his daring project. He would hang a bridge in the air—suspend it above one of the most mighty rivers, and take away the ancient boundaries that had from time immemorial kept two nations asunder, that were destined to become as one.

Long he had labored to prepare the minds of men for this new relation—revelation—achievement—before he drew forth from the secrets of his counsels this most cherished, this proudest of designs. He had calculated well upon the moment for its declaration; it was heard with an emotion, it was received with a delight, it was accepted with an enthusiasm, that covered him with glory.

But the work was to be done, as well as prophesied. How eagerly men waited the unfolding of his vast design; how all intelligences, far and near, the most daring, the most profound, received it, labored over it. Then he waited the people's "second thought."

The work was his. Grandly, inevitably, utterly his. What followed? Did they *allow* him to proceed according to the necessities of the achievement; as provided for by him. Not by any means. The opinions, and the judgment, even the pretentious ideas of other men must interfere: they must modify his purpose. He accepted their acceptation of his work! He yielded to their necessity!

But hard he tried to make the contrarious influences blend with his—so that at least the integrity of his plan might in this instance pass unhindered into exposition. Fatal attempt! This work was as far beyond him, as it was beyond truth. Thus far!

He addressed himself to his designs with a power and a constancy that needed all the sympathy his wife could give him—and Jessie never failed in sympathy.

One day distrusting himself while he tried to convince his unbelieving conscience that what he had now undertaken would be in no sense a failure, he made drawings of two bridges, and without explaining either, laid them before his wife. If her judgment coincided with that of the public, he would rest satisfied. At a glance she recognised the essential difference; the hidden secret of the strength of one arch, the superficial character so to speak, the lack of vital principle, in the idea of the other, and without hesitation she gave her decision.

"This is yours," she said, pointing to one, "but whose is this?"

"Mine too," he answered.

"Oh, no!" she said hastily. And wherefore, she explained.

Howenstien smiled at the explanation, and pro[illegible] her folly. Her purity, her ignorance. He even went into an elaborate explanation [illegible] and the wherefore. Alas! he only made more clear the extent to which he had surrendered his originality of thought, and faith, and virtue, and deprived himself of the free action of his genius.

"But Ralph," she said, when he had explained the whole matter, and made it seem as truthful as an essential falsehood could be made to appear, "you are entirely mistaken. This bridge is yours, and this only. The other is a modification; whose I don't know; not yours. If you must surrender *here* to the will of others, surrender altogether. Let them build their bridge. Have nothing to do with it. Take away what you have given them of yours in the design, for here, really, is a most strange and awful compromise. Or, if you will, give yourself entirely to the bridge, and build it out of your own resources; I am ready, though it beggar us, to bid you God speed. You have earned your fortune; you can afford to lose it. Build a bridge that shall be worthy of you; give it to the country, and I am content and proud; not otherwise, Howenstien."

She did not carry him with her in this. A man who has been overruled by the world will, at least, rule in his house. Driven to that last stronghold, he will defend himself against love and truth, though he cannot against jealousy and falsehood.

The bridge must be built, and by the public funds. Private enterprise could not commence the undertaking with any prospect of success, and Howenstien only laughed at his wife's simplicity when she would urge him to make, of a great national work, an individual endeavor. After such a fashion he was not ambitious. Could he carry out such purpose, he had no desire to do it. He gave his thinking to the world, and if men paid him for his labor, the service he conferred was none the less.

What could his wife do? She could but wait, and wait, and observe that, by-and-by, Ralph did not writhe under the people's praise; that he slept quietly at night; that his body flourished well, and he lacked less and less of his original designs; and those generous purposes that shamed the lives of his conspicuous companions, were not his dream by night, his work by day.

Last week this bridge, so long in building, was finally completed.

On the day when the gates were opened, and two nations joined hands, and kissed each other, as the orators declared, Ralph Howenstien, as you may guess, was "a made man." He stood upon the bridge with a great crowd of shouting people, perhaps the proudest, certainly the saddest, man among them.

He stood upon the bridge with the vast multitude, *and it fell!*

Among the ruins Jessie found him—dying. She did not carry him back to town or country house; not, of all places to that magnificent town residence, where all was prepared for festivity and celebration. She brought the senseless body *here*: the world, she said, had done its final work for Ralph, and she desired for him no stately funeral—no mocking pomp. Not the applause that crowds give. A little solitude the weary woman craved for her broken heart. She has him over there. He died last night.

Have you a mind to cross the brook, and the intervening field, to ascend the lawn, and look on Howenstien, as he lies, in his chamber, while the light of sunset falls along the grass, and the robins sing their last song, and the shadows deepen? Not yet? Will you tarry then still longer?

[illegible]! can this be the widowed Jessie who comes from the silent cottage, and descends the lawn? Is this the wife of the dead Architect? She does not come alone. Who comforts her? Who can console that they should walk beside her in his place. Yet—can this be the very ghost of Howenstien, with whom she walks?

No, that is not a ghost. Nor yet a comforter. But, yet—comfort itself! That friend, is a spirit. If we go over and search the cottage, we shall not find the chamber whose silence has become awful because of the dead image that represents it there. The odor of flowers is through all the house, and none of varnish. Who said to him "arise," for there is no body of Death here. And now you think of it, you have read no late report of such notable accident, and "Awful loss of life." Very likely. There are more deaths than men record. More births than women know.

I know that the Howenstien men praised is dead. You *see*, that he is alive again. That he walks there with his wife—about the lovely lawn. Shall you and I complain? There is every day a funeral somewhere that must be attended. Is it a disappointment, if instead of witnessing a burial just now, one must bear evidence to a resurrection?

Surely, the first man is of the earth earthy. But the second man is the Lord from Heaven. And to every spirit once dead, and now alive again, made flesh, dwelling among us, is given a direct and utter apprehension of the meaning of that word; and to none other can be trusted the Divine apocalypse.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"BOOKS IN BOSTON" has hitherto been the general designation under which I have written sketches of this kind for THE SATURDAY PRESS; but as I wish for space to welcome books also from other places, I enlarge the terms of my title, to afford them friendly accommodation; for, with all our grimness, we New Englanders are hospitable folk. In old times, New Englanders did not keep Christmas, and one reason why they did not, was their dislike to Papists and Episcopalians; but if the Pope or the Archbishop of Canterbury had even then entered any of their dwellings on Thanksgiving day, he would heartily have had his share of the turkey. We are still a people full of prejudices and "notions"—but our social hospitality is yet kindly, and our *mental* hospitality ample. But, like some with new mansions in Fifth avenue, too large for their social acquaintanceship, my space for accommodation, I fear, out-measures far the circle of my book-acquaintanceship; and to make up for such deficiency, there is no intellectual Brown, no fashionable Grace Church of Criticism.

But here, in Yankee costume, is a Scottish Athlete—Hugh Miller. I have before me while I write, six volumes of his works: "The Old Red Sandstone," "First Impressions of England and its People," "Footprints of the Creator," "My Schools and Schoolmasters," "The Testimony of the Rocks," and "The Cruise of the Betsey." As all these are suggestive, solid, eloquent, and instructive books, worthy of repeated study and of careful preparation, the publishers—Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston—have done them all due honor in their American edition. The literary material is admirably arranged; the plates are reproduced with excellent correctness; the paper is strong, the print clear, the binding firm; in a word, they are brought out with all the best conditions for the lasting use which they so well deserve. The publishers deserve support and gratitude from all thoughtful readers in the American Public, not only for these works, but for many others equally serious and substantial.

On the Science of these books I have no authority to speak; if I had, my word would be too late; if it were not, this would not be the place to say it. On these books and on their author all decisive words have long since been said; and to whatever words henceforth men may write or speak, the author's ears are forever closed. The remarks that I can make on the author or his works, must be few, brief, and incidental.

Few men have excited interest on so many different grounds as Hugh Miller has. His character and his genius equally fix and deserve attention; his moral and religious qualities had no less than his intellectual; in his researches and his life, heart and conscience were ever inseparable from thought and science; science, indeed, was always in subservience to his feelings and convictions. Such a mental constitution would probably have disqualified Hugh Miller from investigations in science, purely abstract and entirely impersonal. He was especially a concrete thinker; in being such, he may have gained as a writer, while he lost as a searcher. Though a bold and an independent inquirer, he could yet never leave out of view the danger of consequences to ethics and belief. This tendency influenced his method for himself, and his criticism of others. His mental atmosphere was not clear and colorless; was not of that "dry light"—which Lord Bacon regards as the surest scientific illumination. It was natural that, as this was the medium of his sight, it should be that of his judgment. Accordingly, he seems often to test what he deems an error in science, by what he considers its tendency to error, in morals or theology; at least, he often makes such a tendency subsidiary to his argument. This, as I conceive, is to quit the legitimate sphere of discussion, for the sphere of passion—and, gentle as men like Miller may be, such a method, none the less involves the spirit of persecution. For, whenever science has been persecuted, it has been on the accusation of irreligious or immoral consequences,—and, though it may not be possible to inflict again the cruelties of the past, the principle remains the same. That the principle be carried into action, it only requires that the opposing creed have the age on its side, with unity of belief, force of power, and supremacy of authority. Scientific error should be met with scientific refutation: and, if demonstrated falsehood, cannot nullify evil consequences. No religious or moral deprecation can. Such deprecation will have no effect on minds that resist appropriate disproof; it may excite odium against them, but will not convert them; and it will impress only those who are already strong in the desired conviction. Wanting, as I am, in scientific culture, I had so much, yet, of scientific intuition, as enabled me to see that "The Vestiges" was rather a shallow book. When *that* was scientifically shown, all was done, I think, that could be needed. To introduce moral and religious results in addition, instead of strengthening our trust in the completeness of the scientific answer, might arouse the suspicion of its insufficiency.

I would not separate the religious and moral elements from thought in the character of a scientific man. Science, as mere science, has something of the *divine* in it; for nothing is more divine than truth, and science *is* discovered and demonstrated truth. The scientific thinker must have within him a divine impulse, for *that* is a divine inspiration which makes him a sincere seeker after truth. But it is the characteristic of a man strictly scientific, to confine each function to its own office, and to conduct each mode of reasoning by its own law. He may be a deeply religious man; but he will not allow his religious feeling to interfere with *that* which religious feeling does not concern—which it may disturb, but which it cannot direct. If man ever lived, who, in the highest degree, united religious feeling with scientific thought, *that* man was Sir Isaac Newton: yet no man ever, more than Sir Isaac Newton, kept his religious views rigorously separate from his scientific investigations. He was sternly independent as a scientific thinker, yet he was none the less devout as a Christian believer; and such was his zeal in theological speculation, that his expositions of the Bible are as numerous as his expositions of the Universe. The mind of Pascal—one in the same region as that of Newton—gives confirmation to these remarks. Such minds do not use arguments essentially distinct, as corroborative of one another, because although such minds can soar towards the sublime unity into which all the lines of truth converge, they at the same time know how distant the spaces are which separate those lines on the circle of this lower plane. They also know that many a line which seems to have a true direction, is broken or illusive—one that has no continuance towards the centre, and never reaches it.

Hugh Miller was, in many ways, a strong man. He was a strong physical man—a strong mental man; strong in the entire life of feeling, imagination, sympathy;—as strong in affection and duty, charity and faith, as he was in speculative thought and intelligent observation. He was a strong Scotchman; a strong Presbyterian; a strong apostle of the Free Church; a strong Protestant. A Scotchman is rarely catholic or cosmopolitan in his inclinations, and we do not see that Miller forms an exception. If he had any enthusiasm not given to Scotland and Protestantism, it was absorbed in rocks and in the things which are in their "deep bosom buried." But his own story is of infinitely more interest than all that he has told us of the rocks, notwithstanding the rocks having brought him into notice. The rocks, in his case, have revealed a *man*, and in doing this, they have done more than they will do from now till doomsday, in all they may reveal of fishes, tadpoles, crabs, lobsters, turtles, and magatheriums. It is Miller's biography that gives value to his discoveries, and the value of the discoveries is, that they have led to his biography. In this biography we are told a striking story of a striking mind. As a mere story it is remarkable, and were it even invented, it would be remarkable as a fiction; but told, as it is, of an actual individual, it loses none of the charm of fiction, but has, in addition, all the wisdom and the worth of truth. It shows us not only the inherent force of an individual mind, with strong innate tendencies; it shows us also the power of scenery and circumstances, and the value of them when they agree with innate tendencies. It gives us, in this way, a fine example of self-culture and self-development in the order of instinctive direction and of mental destiny. Mr. Bayne wishes that Hugh Miller had learned classics. Why should Hugh Miller have learned classics? Had he been in the condition to learn classics he would not have been HUGH MILLER, but the Reverend Moderator of a General Assembly in the Free Kirk of Scotland, or, it might be, an honorable member of Her Majesty's Commons' House of Parliament. The world will not, I think, regret that he is simply—HUGH MILLER. Why should Hugh Miller have learned classics? His diction answers to his nature—it is rich beyond his wants; and, after it has served all his purposes of statement, it is still wealthy in picture, eloquence, and poetry. It is diction—new, characteristic, individual. It is an *addition* to our grand English tongue. What more would you have?

Dr. Brewster designates Miller as the greatest *uneducated* genius of Scotland since Burns. I maintain that no *genius* which we ever come to know *as genius*, is uneducated. Genius may, indeed, have gone into oblivion—because it failed of acquiring the rudiments of expression. But genius which achieves these rudiments, will not fail to show itself, except prevented by obstructions, which no special advantages could overcome. On this principle, Robert Burns and Hugh Miller were not uneducated; for what they [illegible] life, they were in the best way educated. In all that English could give, Burns was learned early even beyond his years; and in the tuition of nature and tradition, he had all these advantages—which Scott in his own case, esteems so highly. The education for what he did, was more favorable to Hugh Miller, than was their education to Robert Burns and to Walter Scott. Scott was no classic; Burns knew no Latin, and little French: Miller did not quite equal Scott, or fall much below Burns, in mere literature; but taking into account what the contribution was that he gave to British thought, his advantages were greater than theirs. He was a stone-mason—he was a worker in quarries—exercised in thought, not ignorant in letters, master of utterance; thus in every way, he was prepared to be *that* which he was: the orator and the poet of Geology. William Carleton, the true genius of peasant-life in Ireland, the man who first revealed to the world, the depths of romance and passion, the might of tragedy and the mirth of comedy, which that life contains—was originally intended for the Roman Catholic priesthood; but when in later years he reviews the early circumstances which prepared him for his literary vocation, he makes no account of his studies in either classic or scholastic Latin, but dwells long and lovingly on the upright character of his father, his vigorous intellect, and his thorough knowledge of national antiquity, legendary and historical; on the music of his mother's voice, and the penetrating sweetness with which she sang songs of the olden time in the olden tongue; on the fullness of her heart and imagination, and the passionate pathos and eloquence, which she poured forth, when in her turn, she took part in those lamentations which it was then the custom in Ireland to recite over the dead. He sets at great value that he was of the peasantry, and that this home-culture was a part of his inheritance; he was born with all national and native instincts; "they grew with his growth, they strengthened with his strength;" and his strength was physical as well as mental. By sympathy and blood, he was *one* with the rural population, in its sports, its habits, its passions, its follies, its goodness, its evil; he knew its virtues, vices, prejudices, and knew them, because he shared them. In such experiences consisted properly his education; and by their training, and the originality of genius, he became a writer of realities, and not a copier of conventionalisms. Whatever influences best accord with a man's intellectual destiny, and that gradually lead him to it, while they fitly prepare him for it, are those which essentially educate his mind, and which in no small degree, also, educate his character. So thought Hugh Miller—himself. A tone of gratulation, not of regret, is that which runs through his autobiographical reminiscences; and though he is neither boastful nor obtrusive, we yet see that he is always well content with what his course had been, and with the position to which it has led him. Here and there, we notice a glimmer of conscious self-esteem, but which hardly ever degenerates into self-conceit; and now and then we detect slightly, the occasional presence of unconscious pedantry. He, sometimes, preaches and proses to the laborious class, not to much effect or with much philosophy. His own case is no rule; setting aside even his rare talents, his social circumstances had been favorable beyond those of the laborious thousands. His case is no fair text, on which either his critics or himself can truthfully sermonize with any large application to common facts. In the opening of his volume on "The Old Red Sandstone"—he himself sermonizes young working-men, wisely and at the same time unwisely. He exhorts them to self culture; he cautions them against chartist-meetings, and the fellows who speak nonsense in them, and deem their nonsense eloquence. The culture-part of the exhortation is right enough; but if people were to avoid meetings wherein are fellows who speak nonsense, and deem their nonsense eloquence, most meetings would consist of the orators themselves; not excepting the British Parliament, and the American Congress

But in Chartist meetings there were many fellows who did *not* speak nonsense, but very manly eloquence; fellows who spoke eloquence as noble as Miller ever wrote; and who, in arousing men to a sense of their rights, were quite as reasonably and virtuously engaged as if they were enthusiastically intent on the corpses of stunted tadpoles, and of ugly-looking fishes. Those Chartist meetings were the political schools of the working men; they were intellectual schools, also; they awoke in them the desire of intelligence as well as that of citizenship. In some sense, they were not less moral schools; and if one met with working-men of independence, and self-respect, of good manners, of good behavior, of thrift, order, and sobriety, he was sure to find them Chartists. Besides, political aspiration is the noblest stimulus of free nations; and the instruction that excludes it, the intelligence that does not feel it, the mind that does not honor it, and the courage that does not vindicate it—only show that men are not half alive—for wholeness of life there is not, except where there is liberty, or at least, the struggle and the wish for liberty. This struggle and this wish form the root-principle of genuine national culture; and the culture which does not spring out of it, is rather one of vain pedantry, than of true manliness. Pure love of knowledge, devoted zeal to science, may answer for the student, the sage, the recluse, the enthusiast—for in such consist their office, and their mission; but for the masses, whose destiny is hard labor in the world, political energy is as needful to thought as to dignity, and without it, no mere schooling, is sufficient to save them from social and moral degradation. The Chartist-movement was not without fruit in English literature, fruit not poor nor scanty, since among its products may be counted, Cooper and Robert Nichol, with Ebenezer Elliott as its precursor, and afterwards, its coworker. Moreover, the Chartists have manifested that they had political foresight beyond men who considered themselves peculiarly the wise—for the middle classes who disowned, and the capitalists who hated them have gradually been growing to the standard of their principles, and before long, the execrated radical charter will be the legal and national Constitution of Great Britain.

I have just read a book from the same publishers, that has sorely tried my faith, I mean "*The Plurality of Worlds.*" I, in common with millions, dreamed vast dreams about the heavens, and had a great deal to say on the population of the countless stars, which man or angel could not number. I used them for moral hypotheses; I coined images from them; I cut them up into metaphors; I conceived of them in their wondrous distance, and their strange inhabitants; I shaped to myself all possible ideas of them, in their grandeur and their awe, and the life, magnitude, and mystery, which I associated with these ideas, to my mind, included all spiritual and material sublimity. But, if I accept what I am taught in "The Plurality of Worlds," I must conquer my prejudices. Nebulæ are measureless soap-bubbles; fixed stars, sparkling points; some planets, huge inflations of vapor, ice, and water; other planets, burning consolidations of stone and metals; and earth alone the only small spot wherein there is rational and moral existence—wherein there is, therefore, to incarnate natures, the recognised presence of a God. Richter, in his weird imagination, shapes a vision, in which he conceives of Christ as having gone through the Universe, and coming back to the assembled spirits, of all that had ever lived, and proclaiming to them, that in his searchings, he has found *no God.* Almost as terrible to me, is the idea that a penetrating scientific mind has gone through the universe, and in his searchings—except on earth, found *no man*,—that is, no rational and spiritual existence. The doctrine of the discourse is not consolatory, but yet it is not unwholesome. There is no deep and honest thought but must do us good—for all such thought must bring into action the divinest forces of our nature; such thought there is, in this impressive, original, eloquent discourse; wide in the vision of science, close in the application of logic, it has something like the effect of a grand tragedy; while it saddens, it strengthens us. If in the universe or in life, we put shams for truths, he is our friend, who clears away the shams: if we mistake illusions for realities, he is our benefactor, who disenchants us out of the illusions. The thinker, who incites us in any way to seek for substance beyond appearance, even when we do not agree with his reasoning and his conclusions, is both our benefactor and our friend.

When the mind, in the speculations of geology, has sought for a clew through the labyrinth of past durations for which there is neither measure nor number; and that of past conditions in our earth indicated by a succession of revolution and ruin, it is pleasant to come again to the upper light; to clear the imagination of unsightly abortions and unshapely monsters, and look upon the human face as we meet it in man, woman, or child, to rest awhile from the effort to master names unspellable, unpronounceable, to read some affecting story, or to listen to some voice in song; or, when the mind carried by astronomy and argument into a dismal "Plurality of Worlds," wanders through silent and solitary immensity—travels from star to star, from system to system, and from our globe to that margin of visible existence on which the twinkle of light that marks it is separated, from the instant of its being seen, by millions of milleniums; when the mind thus finds itself alone, encompassed by an infinity of death, the change amounts to joy, which brings it back from such boundless desolation into the blessed region of homes, of sympathy, and of faith. It was much in this way that I felt in passing from the Geology of Hugh Miller and the Astronomy of Dr. Whewell to the genial yet profound story of "Adam Bede," which the Harpers have recently introduced to the American public. I mean no disparagement to Hugh Miller and Dr. Whewell: both are men of powerful thought, of rare eloquence, and the solemn ideas which their writings contain and suggest are wholesome to the soul: yet none the less acceptable is the relief that a book, such as "Adam Bede," gives us. Confining itself, not only to ordinary life, but to the ordinary life of English rustics, it contrives to make this, in the simplest manner, a medium whereby we have revealed to us a marvellous knowledge of men, women, and children, a sweet and cordial sympathy with humanity, joined to clearness of intellectual and moral vision, which no illusions can obscure, and no guises can deceive. This book is a novelty beyond all the novelties which have of late appeared in the world of fiction; and the special novelty of it is that familiar nature becomes new to us with strange beauties: homely people, whom all our lives we fancied we had known, we learn we did not truly know at all: that not the extraordinary alone, but what seems tame and vulgar, contains all the elements of good and evil, the heroisms of purity that sanctify human life, the passions and catastrophes that shatter and destroy it. Taking into account the narrow sphere to which the author confines his story, we are puzzled to conceive how he could cram into it so much wisdom and philosophy, such variety of interest and excitement, of seriousness and humor. The real surprise of the book is the entire absense of striking contrasts or extremes, that originality should be so homely, and eloquence so vernacular. The author shrinks not from the trials of spirit or of flesh; and solemnised, not corrupted, the reader peruses scenes of passion—which by treatment less profound, would be dangerous, and insidious. But the book has such variety of excellence, that the generality of a brief notice can do it merely injustice; so I will mark simply two of its distinctive merits—namely—insight into human character, and truthful description of outward nature. I would say much more, but were I to say all that I would, I should write a disquisition and not a notice. I will conclude by quoting from *The National Review* (England): "This book, it says in a note to its Quarterly Catalogue—evinces a wider genius than any we have read for years. With a delicacy of touch in the quiet descriptions that often remind us of Goëthe, and great masculine vigor of imagination, the author combines a range of observation, an insight into character, and a humorous power, which render his productions a really lasting work of Art."

Since I commenced to write this article—I notice that a volume of Lectures on the Elements of Geology, by Hugh Miller, is announced among the publications of Gould & Lincoln, Boston. As Hugh Miller must have known all the difficulties which beset unaided learners, in their endeavors after scientific acquisition, his lectures, I should think, must, if written out of his own experience, be well adapted for beginners, and especially, for late beginners.

HENRY GILES.

Special Notices.

MESSRS. GOUPIL & CO. have just published a number of very fine engravings, amongst which are the late productions of

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M. KNOEDLER.

GRAND HORTICULTURAL FESTIVAL AND SOIREE DANSANTE.—A series of elegant entertainments, to be continued until the 16th, will be given at the Palace Garden (now greatly improved), and in the new and spacious Hall on the West side of the grounds, in aid of a contemplated Horticultural School for Females. Oratory, Music, Flowers, and Birds will be brought into requisition to make this the most interesting, intellectual, and attractive festival ever given in New-York.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor.

NEW YORK, MAY 14, 1859.

NOTICE.

We take pleasure in announcing that G. H. AVERY, Esq., of Owego, N. Y., has this day become associated in the proprietorship and business management of THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

OUR WEEKLY BOOK-LIST.

No one who wishes to keep any run of what is going on in the literary world, should fail to read our weekly list of New Books and Books in Press. The mere titles of the interesting works, English and American, announced in our this week's issue, would fill a column. No attempt has ever before been made in this country to furnish such complete literary intelligence as is furnished, regularly, by THE SATURDAY PRESS.

THE GRAND HORTICULTURAL FESTIVAL at the Palace Gardens has been seriously affected by the rain. We are a free and philanthropic people; but we are awfully tyrannised over by the weather. We like well enough to assist poor orphan girls, but we *don't* like to get wet. There is a limit to all things—even to benevolence. However, the weather is clearing up now, and we can afford to be charitable. So the Palace will probably be crowded to-day and Monday (when the Festival closes), and the hearts of the orphans will be made glad. The entertainments offered are of the most charming description, including music, oratory (you should have heard FRY the other night), dancing, fireworks, etc., etc.

THE ASSYRIAN SCULPTURES IN THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

It was an impressive "situation" in the drama of our modern life, the entrée of those sculptured Assyrian kings and nobles among us last month. How many of our all absorbed New Yorkers know that but a stone's throw from the tumultuous tides of Broadway—in the rooms of the New York Historical Society—lies a collection of carved slabs that transport us over these thirty centuries and bring antique Assyria and its genius, language, art, before our very eyes?

The Assyrian slabs are thirteen in number, and form part of the collection obtained by Mr. Layard from the North Palace of Koyunjik, an immense mound opposite the modern city of Mosul, on the East bank of the Tigris, wherein were buried some of the most splendid Palaces of ancient Nineveh, and which was the scene of Mr. Layard's chief exhumations. From the banks of the Euphrates they were shipped to the Thames and the British Museum, but being found to be duplicates of slabs already secured, they were laid aside to be disposed of. By the aid of Mr. Stevens, collector of American books for the British Museum, they were sent to Boston. There they remained two or three years unpurchased, when the matter was brought to the notice of Mr. Lenox, of New York, who disbursed the sum required to cover the expense of transportation—some three thousand dollars—and generously presented them to the New York Historical Society.

And now the Nineveh slabs line the walls of one of their rooms, where they are open to the examination of all who desire to see some of the most significant workings of antique humanity. The marbles are somewhat over seven feet in height, and vary from five to seven in width. The bas-reliefs present the profile of a colossal human figure, running the whole length of the slab, clothed in an elaborately fringed and tasseled robe, and adorned with bracelets, earrings, etc. The long hair and beard are studiously curled. One hand holds the fir-cone, and the other the pouch or kettle—objects of such frequent occurrence on the Assyrian sculptures. Across the middle of each slab, including both the carved and plain surface, runs a band of cuneiform, wedge-shaped, or arrow-headed inscriptions, some twelve or eighteen inches in depth, and comprising about an equal number of lines. Of what vast significance these carvings are, we shall presently see.

One has to regret a certain sameness in this collection: so that, of all the profiles of the thirteen slabs, there are but three that are really typical. We have first, the normal human figure; then, the same, with the addition of the wings; and thirdly, the human figure with the eagle's head. The physiognomy carved on the reliefs is unmistakable. It is the perfect Iranic or Arian type, though, being actual portraits, the type is more distinct in some than in others. The enormous exaggeration of the muscles of the arms and legs in the sculptures is striking, and might seem unaccountable, did we not take into our judgment a consideration of the place for which they were destined. Accordingly, I remarked to a friend who accompanied me on a visit to these bas-reliefs, and who made the usual criticism on the muscular exaggeration, that this fault is apparent rather than real, being produced exclusively by the different way in which the bas-reliefs were lit in antiquity and in modern times. Under the glaring sun of Mesopotamia, the palaces were built principally with a view to afford coolness and shade; and therefore, all the royal halls were long, high, and narrow, in order to exclude the rays of the sun, an imperfect light, dim-religious, being admitted from above through apertures in the colonnade. A cool *chiaroscuro* reigned in all the apartments; and unless the reliefs on the walls were intended altogether to be lost to beholders, it was indispensable to have the principal lines deeply cut into the alabaster, in order to produce a shadow sufficiently intense to make the composition and its details apparent.

Of how much are the Assyrian sculptures significant! What a revelation of antique life flashing up! Here, for instance, are the beginnings—hid hitherto—of Greek Art. Belonging to that same great ethnic line, the Japhetic or Arian stock—noblest of elder races—Chaldaic culture gives us the first utterance of that bright genius that came to such consummate expression in the Hellenic Art, Epos, and Life. Indeed, it is a striking corroboration of this fact that we find in the Zanthian and Velian monuments and coins, the transition step between Assyrian and Greek Art. From Ionia the traditions of Asiatic Art were carried into Italy, Etruria, and Greece, and nourished those esthetic instincts that afterwards burst forth with such vernal luxuriance in Hellenic Art.

Yet I do not find the Assyrians that look down on me from these reliefs so old, though they count their thirty centuries in their biography. It is the same old Man—the same old mole grubbing so quick under ground. Cœlum, non animum mutant. The same old humanity! The same old Proteus! For the cultures of the world are but varied embodiments of the manifold mind of man. To such issues did the conspiring forces act. Thus and thus did the universe impress itself on man, and urge him to shape out for himself a life.

Modern Historical Criticism has pronounced the word culture. A culture is a purely historic conception. It comes as the incarnation of an idea, and lives till it has illustrated that idea. Thus Indian culture, thus Semitic, Egyptian, Hellenic culture.

There was then, an Assyro Babylonian culture, unique, individual. Nourished by the contributions from the great ancient stocks,—Semites, Khamites, Japhetites—stimulated by internal impulses and external events, flowered out that Assyrian and Babylonian genius, empire, art, life. I shall, with what of fulness space permits me, characterise this national mind and its action on History, and draw some of the lines of research that have led to the marvelous resurgence of that antique world and man.

And what a piece of poetry was that apparition of the buried cities of the Tigris and Euphrates plain! From the sleep of twenty-three centuries, they started to light and life. Till recently, the most obscure chapter in the world's history, was that relating to the ancient Mesopotamian empires. Babylonia and Chaldea were throughout studded with grass-covered mounds—debris of ancient cities—wrecks left by the tide of civilisation, which had long since ebbed. Round these ruins roamed the wandering Arab. Not a word to solve the enigma of them—only the echo of myths coming up from that elder world! 'Twas in 1843—now some sixteen years ago—that M. Botta, French Consul to Mosul, exhumed from the mound of Khorsabad, the first bas-relief on which modern eyes had gazed. This was followed up by a complete exhumation of the buried palaces of that monument. With what heroic devotion to science he pursued those labors—hampered as he was by the cupidity and hypocrisy of Turkish officials—is now well known. Followed Layard in 1846, and with him came the unearthing of the palaces of Koyunjik and Nimrod. What a revelation has thus taken place, these few years! From the silence of thirty centuries, emerge those august empires of antiquity, Nineveh and Babylon, and their language, life, art, civilisation, genius, arise before our eyes, and nations and races whom we have hitherto viewed exclusively through the dim medium of myth, now take their definite place in History. The relics and representations of those old-world people, now adorn the halls of the Louvre and the British Museum, while the fine folio plates of Botta and Layard (both in the Astor Library) bring those types of ancient humanity within universal appreciation.

The plain of Mesopotamia and the highlands flanking the Tigris, up to the Persian Desert, was always the seat of great empires. The new ethnologic studies show us that certain geographical regions have been the theatre of mighty ethnic fusions. What is the cause of this? Profound laws, planetary and celestial, no doubt underlie it. Well, the earliest ages open with a crowd of races on this scene. From hand to hand, and from capital to capital, the dominion was transferred. From the last chapter of its history, in Baghdad, we ascend through Ctesiphon, Seleucia, Persepolis, Ecbatana, Nineveh, Babylon, till we are lost in the mists of the grey fore-world; but the graves of empire still stretch down.

The populations dwelling along the Tigris and Euphrates were not homogeneous. From the most distant antiquity a great mixture of races took place in the West Asiatic region. Semitic, Khamitic, Arian, and Turanian elements here met in fierce or friendly contact. The result is that an immense complexity of problems—Philologic, Ethnologic, and Archæologic—is presented by these Mesopotamian civilisations. Linguistic questions, especially, are singularly complicated; and when one attempts to measure the action and interaction of the respective ethnic elements present in those empires, he sees what a delicate problem he has in hand. Happily modern historical criticism is able to enrich itself with the means and methods of Comparative Philology, Mythology, and Archæology, and a question of history is thus brought under the focal rays of these powerful auxiliary sciences. 'Tis the *calculus sublimis* of historical research.

I have said that the Mesopotamian region was the theatre of an immense race-fusion. Of this, evidence arises in the Hebrew tradition of the Tower of Babel (or Tower of Confusion) founded on a fictitious etymology of the name Babylon. For one perceives in this antique legend, as the profound French philosopher, M. Alfred Maury, observes, "a reminiscence of the confusion which prevailed among the divers peoples, and amid the different races, that visited Babylon for political or commercial purposes. As these populations must have been already very divided, their languages were parcelled out, at the period of the narrative, into a great number of dialects, and the simultaneous employment of all those idioms in one and the same city appropriately gave it the name of the *City of Confusion* (Ba Be L, Babylon)."

The presence of the three great primeval races—Semites, Khamites, and Iranians—is most indisputably proved by the trilingual inscriptions which the Persian monarchs found it necessary to issue when they wished to publish a communication to their Asiatic subjects. For the trilingual inscriptions of Behistun and Persepolis present readings in the three principal divisions of speech then in use—the Iranic, Scythic, and Semitic.

And here I cannot resist digressing in a momentary allusion to the marvelous manner in which the trilingual cuneiform inscriptions were deciphered, thus affording the means of translating the cuneiform carvings on the Assyrian and Babylonian monuments. There is indeed something sublime, and which opens up new spaces in man, in that constructive sagacity by which a language of which not a word, not a grammatical form, was known, and written in a character which was an absolute enigma, was finally recovered with such success, that now Prof. Lassen, [illegible], and Col. Rawlinson, in Baghdad, can severally apply themselves to the interpretation of the same inscription, and furnish readings only just discrepant enough to show that they had not acted in concert.

It was in the year 1800, that Prof. Grotefend, stimulated by the wonderful success in the translation of the Egyptian hieroglyphs, applied himself to extract the latent meaning of an inscription in the cuneiform character, copied by the elder Niebuhr, from a monument at Persepolis. The inscription upon which he commenced his labors was in three languages, and whether there was a known tongue concealed under this curious alphabet, was uncertain. The first step, then, was to find out what words were represented by these signs. By a series of hypothetical tentatives, and through a process analogous to the Calculus in Mathematics, he finally succeeded in restoring a great part of the alphabet, and deciphering the names of Darius, Cyrus, and Xerxes, hid for three-and-twenty centuries. Of the steps of this restoration, space permits not here to speak; but Grotefend has himself given, in the second volume of Heeren's *Researches*, an account of the whole process, that is itself, a perfect romance. Suffice it to say that the inscriptions proved to be, in the sacred Zend, [illegible] of Zoroaster.

And here it is worthy of note, that by one of those happy coincidences, of which modern historical research shows so many, the Zend had but a few years before been opened up to the world. Anquetil Duperron, returning from the East with the Zend-Avesta, sole relic of the literature of ancient Persia, restored to the world all that remained of this venerable lost speech. In this speech it was that the cuneiform inscriptions of Persepolis were written. An important basis for future labors had now been laid; it was for Prof. Lassen to complete the work; and between 1836 and 1844, this scholar developed an alphabet which has left scarcely anything farther to be accomplished.

It was during these same periods that M. Burnouf published his admirable *Commentary on the Yaçna*, in which the language of the Zend-Avesta was critically examined and its orthographical and grammatical structure clearly and scientifically developed. It remains to mention Sir Henry Rawlinson, latest laborer in the domain of cuneiform decipherment.

This audacious diviner, working on the labors of Grotefend, Lassen, and Burnouf, and guided by his own sagacity, was enabled to add a new chapter to the history of cuneiform literature. One of the languages written in the cuneiform alphabet—the Zend—had now been in great part deciphered. But this was not the language of the cuneiform inscriptions of Assyria and Babylonia; the Zend key was impotent to unlock this enigma. An unexpected aid about this time disclosed itself. I mean the great Behistun inscription. The sacred rock of Behistun, on the western frontiers of Media, and situated on the high-road conducting from Babylonia eastward, must in all ages have attracted the observation of travellers. "It rises," says Rawlinson, "abruptly from the plain to a perpendicular height of 1700 feet, and its aptitude for holy purposes was not to be neglected by that race that made

Their altars the high places, and the peaks
Of earth-o'er-gazing mountains."

On this rock, at an elevation of three hundred feet above the plain, is placed a trilingual cuneiform inscription, covering a space of 1500 in breadth and 100 feet in height. The delicately executed characters of the inscription, Rawlinson read by the aid of a telescope. Copied and subjected to analysis, it proved to be placed there by decree of Darius, 6th century B. C. This inscription was, I have said, trilingual—the first giving the version in Zend, and the second in the Semitic idiom of the Tigris and Euphrates plain. Here, then, was a key to the cuneiform carvings of Assyria and Babylonia, so long an enigma! The Behistun inscription contains from 80 to 100 proper names, by this time quite legible in the Persian version: it was, therefore, not difficult to construct an Assyrian alphabet. The most frequently recurring words were soon recognised, and when the sounds had been approximately determined, it was found that the language was allied to the Hebrew and ancient Chaldee. It was, in fact, a tongue of the unmistakable Semitic type. Rawlinson's labors fill several volumes of the *Journal of the Asiatic Society* (1847–1851); and the last results of Assyrian philology are resumed in the admirable essays addended to the volumes of Rawlinson's Herodotus, now being published.

From these paleographic and philologic researches the following chronologic constructions have been made. Nineveh, the late Southern metropolis of Assyria, comes down to times comparatively recent—1300 B. C. The beginnings of the great Chaldean empire of Babylonia ascend to 3784 B. C. But this is not all. The structure of that early Semitic formation, revealed in the Elamitic or Sacred and Official language of Babylonia, is of a simplicity most significant as compared with the historical Semitic type, as the Hebrew or Arabic. These suggestions from Language hint at a great early development of the Semites—earlier by far than all our chronologies—a Babylonian empire probably anterior to that great geologic disturbance known in Hebrew tradition as the "Flood," and which Bunsen (Egypt's Place in Universal History, vol. 3,) places at Ten or Eleven thousand years B. C.

These philologic and archæologic constructions assist in disentangling the complicated problem of Assyrian and Babylonian ethnology. The Semitic type of the languages of the inscriptions on the monuments of Nineveh and Babylon would lead us to conclude that the bulk of the population was Semitic. And yet the history and civilisation of the Assyrians and Babylonians have no Semitic characteristics. Semitic life was simple and narrow, patriarchal, and opposed to centralisation. The Semites are devoid of political genius. Of purely Semitic elements history shows no empire. This view, which I had long ago formed to myself, has recently been corroborated by M. Rénan (Histoire générale et Système comparé des Langues Sémitiques, 1855, 1856)—the savan most profoundly acquainted with the genius of the Semitic tongues. "In my thought," says he, "that great civilisation which we designate by the somewhat vague name Assyrian, with its plastic arts, its cuneiform writing, its religion in great part Arian, its military and sacerdotal institutions, is not the work of the Semites."

To what race are we, then, to ascribe the genius of those empires. The monumental carvings leave us in no doubt. It was a branch of that Iranian or Japhetic race, who came in as the ruling race, while the bulk of the population still remained Semitic. I detect the Arian impregnation in that lofty aristocracy and king-worship seen in the sculptured reliefs. Their art, architecture, mythology, too, are all permeated with Arian ideas. In practical civilisation they show themselves laborious, patient, painstaking, realistic. Architecture was their chief glory. And it was to the most useful edifice—the palace or house—that their attention was directed. The temple or the tomb—the interest attached to the ideal and spiritual—they passed by. How different from the Egyptian genius, eternally haunted by the supernatural world! In sculpture it was the actual, the historically true, that the artist strove to represent. The Assyrian bas-reliefs, except in a few mythic figures, are scrupulously faithful to nature. Human life—the mundane, the humanitary—war, the march, seige, passage of rivers and mountains, hunting the lion, antelope, wild horse and ass, etc., are the chief objects of representation. Now all this is opposed to the Semitic genius. It is the sons of Japhet that are born with the political and sociologic instincts. Innate in them is that clear, comprehensive, combining, and administrative faculty, acting through direct and normal methods; innate in them that great science, the science of war. The Japhetites alone, probably, attain to historical consciousness, they alone realise the law of careers, they alone grasp the idea of Humanity.

But the action of another race-mind is discernible in the Assyrian and Babylonian civilisations—I mean the Khamitic. This great race—most purely represented by the Egyptians, and which takes its name from *Khami* (the Black Land), native name of Egypt—acted a mighty part in primeval history. Well, a branch of this great race radiated up into Mesopotamia in early ante-historic times. The grandiose character of the Babylonian and Ninevite constructions, the scientific development of Chaldea, the incontestible relations of the Assyrian civilisation with that of Egypt, could only have sprung from the fact of a large infiltration of Khamitic blood. Immense race—the Khamites! Race to which the whole world owes the most ancient knowledge of astronomy, mathematics, and industry.

Thus it is that the Assyrian and Babylonian empires curiously embody the genius of the three great races of antiquity: the Iranians, represented by the Persians and Brahminic Indians; the Khamites by Egypt; and the Semites by the Arabs and Hebrews. It is to the creation of these three great historic constructions that all the superb modern historical studies have tended. I may at some future day attempt to characterise these three antique humanities, whose mutual influence and interaction form the warp and woof of early and earliest history.

WILLIAM SWINTON.

— The attempt on the part of certain lugubrious and discontented parties to transform the "Mercantile Library Association" into an old-fogy concern (like some others we might mention), is not likely to be successful. The young men who control its destinies are determined to be young men, and to treat the homilies daily preached to them by long-faced grumblers with the contempt they deserve. It is pleasant to know that we have one institution among us which has nothing sepulchral about it. Let the fossilized members withdraw, and, on their own hook, or in conjunction with the Tract Society, organize a solemn establishment of their own in some secluded part of the city where their organic remains may revel in congenial darkness, and be undisturbed by the mirth of a too wicked and jubilant world.

One Thing and Another.

— One of the most popular preachers in these parts, at present, is the Rev. William Alvin Bartlett, pastor of the Elm Place (Congregational) church, in Brooklyn. Like Henry Ward Beecher, he is eminently original in his "views of things," and in consequence, draws such multitudes to hear him, that the house is crowded, every Sunday, to overflowing. We are not very partial to sensation-preachers, but if what we hear about Mr. Bartlett is true, we should be attracted to him, if for no other reason, because of his strong common sense, and his entire independence of old forms and creeds. If he can make a "sensation" as a preacher, without becoming either a mountebank or a charlatan, he will be more successful than some of his cotemporaries.

— Messrs. Baillièrre Brothers, of this city, have just published Part I. of the complete writings of Thomas Say, on the Entomology of North America, edited by J. L. Le Conte. The work is illustrated with fifteen colored plates, and sells for $5.

— On Wednesday, July 27th, Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Newburyport, Mass., will deliver an address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Dartmouth College. On the same day, Hon. Henry C. Deming, of Hartford, Conn., will deliver an oration before the United Literary Society, and Park Benjamin, Esq., of New York city, a poem.

— The first number of a new paper comes to us this week from Columbia, S. C., called *The Courant, a Southern Literary Journal.* It is a handsomely printed sheet, and contains the usual assortment of literary puffs. Editor, Howard H. Caldwell.

— "J. W. D." writing to the Winnsboro' *Register*, says that he knows of three volumes of poetry, by as many young Southern poets, to be issued before long.

— The valuable library of the late Rev. Rufus W. Griswold will be sold at auction by Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co., No. 13 Park Row, next week, commencing on Monday afternoon and continuing the five following days.

— Mr. Frank Wood, of this city, is engaged upon a translation of Michelet's "*L'Amour*," which is shortly to be published by an up-town house.

— The Rev. Dr. Haley, who obtained so much notoriety as the "clerical supe" in the Farce recently performed at Washington, has been presented, by the friends of Mr. Sickles, with a Bible. A more appropriate gift could not have been selected, and we trust that the reverend gentleman will, in future, be governed by its precepts.

— Messrs. Blackie & Sons, general booksellers and publishers, have removed from 117 Fulton street, to 156 William, corner of Ann street.

— Dr. Thomas M. Drake, formerly a professor in the Ohio University at Athens, was drowned in the canal, Zanesville, on Sunday last. He was a native of Ireland, not long resident in this country, and a good scholar, with some reputation as an orator.

— The *Hastings Independent* says it is probable that the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, will take up his residence in Minnesota.

— Prof. Aytoun has lost his wife, the youngest and favorite daughter of Christopher North.

— Mr. Thomas Drew, formerly of the *Worcester Spy*, has entered the publishing department of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s establishment, in Boston.

— Apropos of the pretended descent of Piccolomini from Cortes, the *Evening Post*, which appears for some reason to be extremely sensitive on the subject of ancestry, says: "The fact is, in spite of the Genealogical, "Geographical, and Historical Societies, we do not "hesitate to say that the man who owns to having any "relations back of his great-grandfather (and even "that is a risk) runs the closest danger of extreme "mortification." What the Genealogical Society will say to this indelicate slap in the face, it is beyond our imagination to conceive. Probably the matter will be left to the arbitration of some of our numerous heraldic institutions.

— Mr. Charles T. Congdon writes as follows to the *Boston Courier*:

"There is a little paragraph floating through the newspapers, importing that I am no longer connected with the New York *Tribune*. My connection with that paper is one which I can at any time dissolve, or which the proprietors can dissolve; but that I intend to try to get a living by writing for the monthlies, I emphatically deny. I am not a fool."

— Mr. Stephen Massett has been giving his popular entertainment of "Song and Chit-Chat of Travel" with great success in New Orleans, Mobile, Vicksburg, Natchez, and Memphis, and expects shortly to find his way to New York.

— It is stated that Mr. George Sumner has been invited by the Committee of Arrangements for the official celebration of the Fourth of July in Boston, to deliver the oration. Mr. Sumner's father delivered the Fourth of July oration before the "Republican Association" in 1808; and his brother, Hon. Charles Sumner, delivered the Fourth of July oration before the city authorities in 1845.

— Longmans, London, have recently published a work entitled "Kennee-voo; or, the Sacking of Allaroonah," which is represented as containing descriptions of the kingdom of Dahomey, and of "the periodical slave-hunts organised to supply the American market!"

— Lydia A. Jenkins has been invited by the students of Lombard University, at Galesburgh, Ill., to deliver the Occasional Address at the annual Commencement of that institution, on Thursday, the 9th of June next.

— A country paper says that the Sickles trial at Washington, kept the whole country for weeks on the Key-vive.

— Apropos of Douglas having spoken in his Illinois speech of "niggers," Senator Seward is reported to have said that "no man can be elected President of the "United States who spells negro with two *g's*." Wendell Phillips says this is the wittiest thing Seward ever got off.

— The *Christian Advocate and Journal* (Methodist) is pleased to learn that both Bishops M'Ilvaine and Mead bear a decided testimony against the theatre and the dance. In our opinion, the worthy Bishops might be much better employed than in bearing any such absurd testimony.

— Mr. Proudhon is about to publish (in Belgium) a pamphlet on the state of affairs in Europe.

— The furniture at Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, the residence of Wordsworth, was announced for sale by auction, on the 5th and 6th of May.

— Mr. Bigelow, of the New York *Evening Post*, writes the following sad intelligence from Rome, under date of April 7th:

I am sorry to inform you that Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne, who have been spending the Winter here, are in great affliction. Their daughter Una, an interesting girl of some fifteen Summers, lies at the point of death. Soon after they reached Rome she had a severe chill, while sketching one day in the baths of Caracalla, gastric fever and inflammation of the lungs ensued, which have continued to prey upon her health, with occasional intervals of convalescence, all Winter. Day before yesterday her case took a more serious turn, if possible, and last evening I heard that she was in the last stages of a rapid consumption.

— The friends of Mr. Hawthorne will be gratified to learn that letters from Rome, under date of April 16, speak of the improved health and probable recovery of Miss Hawthorne, whose dangerous illness was recently reported.

— The process of photographing on wood advertised in our columns by Messrs. Waters & Tilton, seems to us destined to create a new era in art. By instantly transferring to the wood an exact copy of the article to be represented, a great amount of time and expense is saved, together with all the inaccuracies of ordinary drawing. The merits of such an invention are obvious. Its practicability is fully demonstrated by Messrs. Waters & Tilton.

CHESS.

Morphy at Home.

Paul Morphy arrived on Wednesday in the *Persia*. At a moment when the nations of Europe are beginning a warfare upon the broad battle-field of a Continent, the victorious hero of the checkered arena retires from the Old World. Soon, Paris, that so lately cheered the young American, will ring with the echoes of a new campaign in Italy. Soon, London, which gazed with wonder upon the successive conquests of the peaceful warrior, will look forward with anxiety and hope to another Waterloo. But no Napoleon of these times, no Wellington of our day, will ever be able to boast of more decisive successes than Paul Morphy. The practised players of England, the famous men of France, and the acknowledged representative of Germany, have in turn been defeated. Nor are his contests over the chessboard more worthy of note than the chivalry which he has displayed in his combats with the pen. Jealous rivals, obliged to confess his superiority at Chess, have attacked him with virulence, and have been worsted with the weapons of courtesy, frankness, and truth. Our modern Alexander's whole career in Europe has been marred by no deviation from the standard of good taste. With admirable tact he has contrived to make a thousand friends, and to retain them to the last. While wresting from Europe her Chess supremacy of a thousand years, he has borne himself with such knightly grace, that even his conquered foemen have seen him grasp the sceptre and assume the crown with unconcealed enthusiasm. The whole story of the game, from its Eastern inception to its Western development, contains not such another character as he. He is both the Cæsar and the Sydney of Chess. To the tactical skill, the daring, and the genius of a chess Charles the Twelfth he unites the gallantry, the nice honor, the frank courtesy of a chess Bayard.

Farewell festivals, given by the players of the Cafe de la Régence, by the London Club, by the St. George's Club, followed each other in quick succession during the last few days of his stay in Europe. And the youthful champion brings back with him many memories of pleasant hours, many souvenirs of transatlantic appreciation. He brings back with him the good wishes of every player whom he met. He brings back with him, above all, the unassuming modesty, the calm self-reliance which he carried with him across the ocean.

Of all Britain, only St. George has no word of kindness for the departing guest. St. George who abused Anderssen, St. George who depreciated Von der Lasa, St. George who maligned Walker, St. George who insulted Lewis, St. George who bullied Brien, St. George who slandered Löwenthal, St. George closes a career of unhappiness by bestowing words of ire upon Paul Morphy. But what shall we do? Shall we take him out upon the bottomless sea of oblivion, tie a score of "cleverly-borrowed" *Handbooks*, and a dozen of dully annotated *Shakespeares* to his body and bury him in forgetfulness forever?

Mr. Morphy will probably remain some two or three weeks in New York, will visit Boston, as the guest of the Boston Chess Club, will accept the proffered hospitalities of the Athenæum Players, of Philadelphia, and will then return to the quiet enjoyment of laurels won in two worlds, in his beloved Creole city. The presentation of the gold and silver men and the board of pearl and ebony, as well as of the watch, glittering with chess emblems—all gifts of his Manhattan admirers—will take place at the chapel of the University, in a few days. Tickets will be issued and distributed with as much liberality as the space and other circumstances will permit. One of the addresses is to be made by the Hon. John Van Buren.

On the evening of his arrival, Mr. Morphy played four games at the rooms of the New York Chess Club, in all of which he gave the knight to the leading player of the Brooklyn Club, Mr. Frederic Perrin. Mr. Morphy won three and lost one.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press,

For the week ending May 14, 1859.

Revival Sketches and Manual. In two parts. By Rev. Heman Humphrey, D.D., Pittsfield, Mass. 8vo. pp. 476. New York: American Tract Society.

W. A. Mc Donald & Co.'s Shipping Guide, for Shipping Goods to any part of the United States, Canadas, and several parts of Europe; by Steamship, Express, Railroad, Canal, Packet, etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 28. New York: W. H. Mc Donald & Co., 1859.

Davenport Dunn. A Man of our Day. By Charles Lever, author of "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," "Harry Lorrequer," etc., etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1859.

Northeast View of the United States Capitol. Washington, D. C. Drawn and engraved by Henry Sartain. Philadelphia: Henry Sartain. 1859.

Dinsmore's American Railroad and Steam Navigation Guide for the United States, Canada, etc. May, 1859. New York: Dinsmore & Co.

The Wilds of the West. Music by A. W. Preuss. Arranged by Augustus Call. New York: Horace Waters. 1858.

Almira. Polka-Masurka. Composed by Abram Nussbaum. New York: Horace Waters. 1859.

Ever of Thee, as sung by Miss Laura Tremaine. Written by George Linley. Music by Foley Hall. New York: Horace Waters.

Gerald Fitzgerald, "The Chevalier." By Charles Lever, author of "Charles O'Malley," "The Dodd Family Abroad," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859. [Library of Select Novels.]

One Hundred Songs of Ireland. Music and Words. 8vo. pp. 64. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. 1859.

Works of Michael de Montaigne, comprising his Essays, Journey into Italy, and Letters, with Notes from all the Commentators, Biographical and Bibliographical Notices, etc. By W. Hazlitt. A new and carefully Revised Edition. Edited by O. W. Wight. Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4. 12mo. pp. 492, 583, 510, 573. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1859.

The Life of General H. Havelock, K.C.B. By J. T. Headley, author of "Napoleon and his Generals," "Washington and his Generals," "Sacred Mountains," etc. Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 375. New York: Charles Scribner. 1859.

The Art of Extempore Speaking—Hints for the Pulpit, the Senate, and the Bar. By M. Bautain, Vicar General and Professor at the Sorbonne, etc., etc. With Additions. By a Member of the New York Bar. 12mo. pp. 364. New York: Charles Scribner. 1859.

Mosaics. By the author of "Salad for the Solitary," etc. 12mo pp. 420. New York: Chas. Scribner. 1859.

Life of George Washington. By Washington Irving. Vol. 5. 12mo. pp. 484. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1859.

The Christian Graces. A Series of Lectures on 2 Peter i. 5–12. By Joseph P. Thompson, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle church. 12mo. pp. 280. 1859.

Comic Lectures on Everything in General and Nothing in Particular. By Deacon Snowball and Diederich Lager-Blatter. 12mo. pp. 216. New York: F. A. Brady.

Pictures of Country Life. By Alice Cary, author of "Clovernook," "Married not Mated," etc. 12mo. pp. 359. New York: Derby & Jackson.

Woodstock. A Novel. By Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Limits of Religious Thought, examined in eight Lectures, delivered before the University of Oxford, in the year MDCCCLVIII., on the Hampton Foundations. By Henry Longueville Mansel, B.D., reader in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy at Magdalen College. Tutor and late Fellow of St. John's College. First American, from the third London edition. With the Notes translated. 12mo. pp. 364. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859.

Adventures of Telemachus. By Fenelon. Translated by Dr. Hawkesworth. With a Life of Fenelon, by Lamartine; and an Essay on his Genius and Character, by Villemain; Critical and Bibliographical Notices, etc. Edited by O. W. Wright, A.M. 12mo, pp. 559. New York: Derby & Jackson.

The Home Melodist. A Collection of Songs and Ballads for the voice only. 18mo. pp. 72. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

The Edinburgh Review, No. CCXXII. April, 1859. American edition. Volume 4, No. II. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.

— At the solicitation of a number of medical and other gentlemen, Doctor Eugene A. Groux, of Hamburgh, will deliver a lecture at the Cooper Institute, this evening, on the *Motions and Sounds of the Heart, the Circulation of the Blood, and the Influence of Respiration, etc.*, illustrated by vivi-sections. Dr. Groux will demonstrate certain motions of the heart, large arteries, and lungs, as rendered palpable and visible, upon his own person, through a congenital fissure of the sternum. He will also make electric experiments for analysing, in the most simple manner, the heart's action, and that of the large arteries, by means of instruments lately invented by Dr. J. B. Upham, of Boston, Mass. This is the only lecture Dr. Groux will be able to deliver in New York, before his return to Europe.

— We learn that though Mr. T. F. Meagher has withdrawn from the editorial responsibility of the *Irish News*, he has not broken off his connection with it.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Rob Roy Macgregor—Oh!

More history.

Last week I gave you some entertaining particulars about Miss Davenport's friend, the original Mary Ann, called Charlotte Corday.

This week a short biography of Mr. Rob Roy, alias Macgregor, alias Campbell.

You see I am getting profound.

Training, I may say, for the Appletons.

Becoming a regular "Cyclop."

Well, the subject of this sketch belonged to an amiable family, who had been in the habit of amusing themselves by cutting out their cousins' eyes and sending them to the female relatives of the victims. Robert was of a more peaceable turn of mind, and with the Duke of Argyll (precious lot they were, too; the present one, however, wears a white cravat, has sandy hair, and snuffles for the slave at Exeter Hall,) went into the business of swindling small farmers in cattle-trades. Argyll and the Macgregor had a difference of opinion, probably about the division of the spoils, and the Duke accused his partner of theft. Robert was outlawed and took up cattle-stealing as a light and agreeable means of livelihood. It was he, and not the Sunday papers, that originated the term black mail. He received, from the graziers, tribute of so many cattle per annum, on condition that neither he nor his men should molest the remainder of the herds. He was arrested and tried at Edinburgh, but, I believe, escaped the halter he deserved. He was a sneak, as well as a thief, was Robert. In "the forty-five" he promised to bring his clan into the field of Culloden to help Prince Charles Edward, but kept them at a safe distance until he saw the way things were going, and then went himself, probably stealing a spoon or two by the way.

Those, I believe, gentle public (what a nice creature you are, and how amiably you do submit to be bored), are the principal facts (new idea that, facts in an article about theatres) concerning the friend of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Eddy. Between them, they make out of a cattle-swindler, a hero; out of a sneaking coward, a chivalric chieftain.

But, as the Boston *Post* said the other day, about a rather ancient joke, thank heaven there's a rising generation.

I can remember, and I am twenty-four, when I thought Rob Roy was much finer than Macbeth. Now, to my mind, Macbeth, unless Laura Keene or Mr. White edits it, is much better.

Rob Roy, however, is amusing, and that is saying a great deal. It is full of action. The scene never stops for a moment. Everybody is doing something all the time. To be sure, they go up a great many terrible crags, some as much as ten feet high in the clear, and there is no special reason for so doing, unless it is for the express purpose of coming down again, but if you want a reason for everything, you can have no melodramas. The whole race of bluefire and patent trap writers, from Pecocke down to Fitzball, Morford, and Gayler, are, theatrically speaking, anything but reasonable beings.

Whenever you are afraid that Rob Roy is going to be a bore, there comes in a song. Now a song, good or bad, is always a relief.

For example: There is in this play an estimable old Jacobite, Sir F. Vernon, who has been green enough to get on the wrong side in politics and religion, and who is obliged to live in a picture-frame with a secret spring, which by the way would not be a secret to my smallest boy, whose years are too tender for trowsers. Now politicians, at best, are bores, but an unsuccessful one is the worst of all. So Sir F. Vernon is not lively, but is choked off in his story of his wrongs, which he is telling to Miss Lucy Escott in full ball dress, white satin slippers, and a circus of crinoline, by a music-cue, after which the lady, rejoicing that she has finally got rid of the Governor, breaks out into a song to the effect that her love was born a Highland lad, when in fact he was a Lowlander, which is a matter of slight (musical) consequence.

Then Mr. D. Miranda, a powerful tenor who would have had a narrow escape from being a good artist had he ever learned how to sing, plays the part of a young gentleman who is continually in trouble; always chased up by a villain with a corrugated larynx and bucket-boots. Yet he warbles away bravely about his love being like the red, red rose, which by the way she's not; more like a white one late in the season. And the whole affair winds up with a chorus "pardon now the bold outlaw," in which various officers who bear the King's commission, as we are frequently informed during the play, are vocally guilty of high treason.

Of course it is pleasant to hear the old airs, makes me think of old times, old flirtations, and other queer old things. But it would be nicer if Miss Escott could sing a ballad with simplicity, and didn't shake the music or her head so much. Did she ever hear of the awful fate of a young lady in Pittsburgh, the sole support of a widowed mother and no end of brothers and sisters, who shook her head off amidst the plaudits of a crowded and delighted audience? Pic. might take warning from the terrible occurrence, too.

The acting of Rob Roy was rather good, although there was no one in it a bit like a Scotchman, except, perhaps, Mr. Bland, who was the "Dougal creature" and not bad. Mr. Eddy's Rob Roy was intoned after the Puseyite fashion, the terminations ending in *ny* or *n* or *m* sounding like those horse-hair things the boys whirl over their heads to resemble a mosquito's gentle lay. Mrs. Macgregor, the original chairman of the first Woman's Rights Convention, was powerfully acted on the principle of the energetic preacher that A. M.'s ma "set" under in New England, and who used to smash the reading-desk sometimes.

Mr. Pearson was in the bill for the Baillie. He was vara amusin, but nae ackit nair talkit like ye Scottish mon, as a friend late frae "Glasgoo" informed me. The others were good, I suppose. I really don't remember. I noticed they nearly all wore moustaches,—curious thing for a century ago.

On the whole, Rob Roy is not bad, and I advise everybody to see it—once.

The Opera.

Pic. has had a dart at the Trovatore, but with only moderate success. In the wedding-scene she looked like a pot of Orange county butter, and in the Miserere reminded me of a carpet tack. She was better in L'Elisir, though horridly (A. M.) dressed. Brignoli distinguished himself in a *pas seul*, unequalled for its battements, aplomb, and so on. I suggest to the director an incidental ballet to be danced by Brignoli, Junca, and Amodio.

Pic's Farewell Matinée to-day. Opera, Don Pasquale.

On Monday, Mme. de Wilhorst sings in the Puritani, in which she is very good.

If brevity is the soul of wit (and I can't see it), then Strakosch's prime ladies ought to say, as well as to sing, good things sometimes.

The Fellow on the Opposite Side of the Way.

The inevitable Maretzek, the indomitable Maximilian, who flourishes in the midst of ruin, thrives upon defeat, and who would go without his maccaroni rather than his opposition, if he couldn't have both, is about to commence operations at the Metropolitan.

Maretzek has Cortesi.

Who is Cortesi?

The dailies, and they know nothing about it, say she has a good reputation; where, they neglect to mention, simply because they don't know. (Not generally a reason for withholding information of some sorts.)

Now *I* don't know much about Cortesi, and I am supposed to know everything. The camp-followers about the Academy say she is a greater [illegible] Oliver le Dain [illegible]

This is authentic—semi-official.

I would sooner have Celestin's word that there [illegible] college of critics.

With Anna Maria, he makes the people, and the voice of the people admonishes kings! (Cheers.)

So let Cortesi have a chance. And if she is a fiasco, we have Mme. Gassier, who, if not so handsome as Hebe, can sing, I am willing to bet and give heavy odds, an hundred times better than Saint Cecilia, inspiration and all.

Wallack—"Extremes."

Mr. Wallack has survived the tremendous shower of adjectives and adverbs of praise which were showered upon him by the *News*, last Monday, but in his present condition it will not be safe to do it again. The novelty of the week has been Planché's drama, Charles XII., a clever piece, in which the Lion of Sweden is rather more lamb-like in his deeds, and waifish in his words than Voltaire makes him out. However I prefer Planché to Voltaire, and so does Anna Maria, who was quite charmed with Mr. Wallack's Adam Brock, and said that Mr. Brougham was lovely as King Charles. I don't think the adverb appropriate, but the Beloved One is not particular about such small affairs.

Next Monday they will bring out Falconer's Extremes, a three-act Comedy, very British in its tone, but clever withal. Mr. Lester Wallack plays the part of the hero, a young man who is too good for this world, and who is willing to sacrifice a million rather than lead Mrs. Hoey to the altar, if she does not absolutely insist upon it, which she does in the end. The other characters are aristocrats without money, and democrats with it, so all the questions of the heart are submitted to the question of £, s., d. I think the piece will be amusing. Brougham, Walcot, and Miss Gannon play in it.

Theatre Francais.

Widdows et Sage are going to Philadelphia next week. I nearly died laughing over the Folies Dramatiques. It is a mock performance of an Opera seria, a tragedy in verse, a modern humanitarian drama, and a ballet, by what is supposed to be the portion of a company of artists engaged in Paris for the Provinces. Edgard is the great artist who can play everything, and Sen the leading actress—Rachel, Rose Cheri, Grisi, and Taglioni, all rolled into one. Both Sen and Edgard were capital, and I "dono" when I've enjoyed anything so much as these Folies, which I advise Mr. John Brougham to put into English "right off."

La Dame aux Camélias, for the benefit of Laba, brought a crowded house on Wednesday. Performance altogether fine; Chevalier superb; better, the Editor says, than Madame Doche, whom I never saw (the only man or woman that has ever been to Paris without seeing her). Laba was gotten up like the Dome of St. Peters, and "calculated to strike the beholder "with mingled admiration and awe." (Murray). I don't know that the Dome knows it, but Laba does. Distinct from the clothes, he was not brilliant. Edgard was irresistibly funny, and the audience very enthusiastic. The play will be repeated this evening.

The Conway Theatre.

Miss Davenport has wound up her season at the Metropolitan, which, as we learn from the bills, is "under" the Lafarge House, without much pecuniary profit, but with an improved reputation, which will tell well in the provinces. For whatever they may say (and they do wince awfully, especially the Porkopolitans, about that second-story Opera House), they will not have any thing which has not first been tried in New York.

I hear now that Mr. F. B. Conway, whose managerial career has not been of dazzling brilliance, has some sort of arrangement with young Mr. Lafarge, who has, on dit, a slight attack of footlight fever, under which there is to be a Summer season with a good company. Mr. John Brougham is engaged, and several other good names are mentioned. Go it!

Upper-Ten Theatres.

Two new theatres near Union Square. Mrs. Bourcicault's fire-proof, iron affair, directly under the bronze nose of the Father of his Country, and Mr. Wallack's on Thirteenth street and the Fourth Avenue. The Bourcicault-affair promises well, with the facile, clever, and popular Stuart, as business-manager; as a sort of guardian angel, generally. It is an Arcadian tableau.

Summer Luxuries.

The admirers of the baked beans, hasty pudding, and hod-carrier order of dramatic architecture will be overjoyed to learn that Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence have taken Wallack's for a Summer season. Mrs. Florence's imitation of a "Boston lady" is Pre-Raphaelite in its exactness and elaboration of detail.

Crinoline and the Coulisses.

Somehow it seems that the people don't appreciate the works of Laura Keene, G. C. Scott, R. G. White, and W. Shakspeare to the extent of as many half dollars as they might. In fact, the audiences have fallen off disagreeably. However, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will probably run through the season, which will close in about a fortnight. After all, it is only an exchange of one invoice of crinoline for another. When Miss Keene lays down the Sceptre, or, I might say, club of Management—two other divinities with the euphonious name of Gougenheim will reign in the stead of the new Hypatia. The coming managers have lately returned from extensive wanderings in California, and other barbarous regions, where they were kindly treated by the natives, and brought home gold, silver, and precious stones in great quantities. In only one case did the simple-minded savages act with rudeness toward the ladies, and that was when a barbarian absolutely insisted upon being master of his own ship. He was duly snubbed for his pains. During their journeyings, however, the Misses Gougenheim must have committed some awful crime, or they would never have been tempted to open a Summer theatre in New York.

What the — Do You Mean?

The young man of the *Sunday Times*, who does violence upon the Muses in a feeble way, talks about my being compelled to do something by the "conditions of (my) mythical existence." Would be much obliged for accurate information as to what is meant by "mythical existence."

Collins vs. Wood.

Paddy Collins and "the beautiful Mrs. Wood" have been having a shindy in California. Plenty of cards, miles of attack, replies, and rejoinders; may be all summed up in a single sentence—struggle of egotism against self-conceit. It is difficult to say which is the finer, the sublime impudence of the lady, or the magnificent assurance of the gentleman.

Personne.

DEATH OF DR. HENRY ABBOTT.

We sympathize with the numerous friends of Dr. Henry Abbott in the painful intelligence received by the *Niagara*, of his death at Kait-el-Aleh, on the 30th of March. Dr. Abbott has been in ill health a long time, and was much prostrated by the sudden death of his brother, Dr. George Abbott, which occurred at Alexandria, in January. He has sunk gradually since that time. Dr. Abbott has been for nearly thirty years a resident of Egypt. He entered the service of Mehemet Ali as a surgeon, and afterward settled in Cairo as a physician, where he married an Oriental lady, and has since continued to practice his profession. He early began the collection of antiquities, and in the course of years amassed the splendid collection which is well known to the American public. In 1852, he was induced to think of selling it, and for that purpose brought it to America. Its value, fully appreciated by antiquarians, was not so well understood by our citizens at large; and the committee who undertook to effect its purchase for American preservation, failed to raise a sufficient amount to cover one-fourth of its real value. The [illegible]

We trust that the wealthy men of New York will at once close this purchase, and that we may have in the city a monument of the lamented Doctor's industry and judgment, as well as the finest existing illustrations of the manners and customs of the ancient world. The death of Dr. Abbott will probably make it necessary at once to close the Museum and dispose of it either here or in England.

Dr. Abbott was a man of rare qualities,—a genial companion, an enthusiastic antiquarian, a kind physician, and a whole-souled friend.—*Observer.*

—It is rumored that a new weekly is about to be started in this city, in imitation of "All the Year Round," and having the equally felicitous title of "Up Stairs, Down Stairs, In My Lady's Chamber."

— Mr. George Filer, of Belchertown, Mass., writes to the *Springfield Republican* that he and his family have not eaten any flesh during the last twenty-two years, fifteen of which they have abstained from fish, fowl, tea, and coffee, and that through the whole they have enjoyed an unusual degree of health. His weight is, and has been for several years, about two hundred pounds.

Advertisements.

Ocean Mail Steamers.

The European mails, by the steamship *Bremen*, hence for Southampton, will close at the New York Postoffice, to-day May 14, at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M.

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The sale of tickets for the Matinee commences this morning at the Academy of Music; C. Breusing's, No. 701 Broadway, and at Beer, Anthony & Co.'s, No. 16 Nassau street, corner of Pine.

Tickets One Dollar.
THERE WILL BE NO RESERVED SEATS.

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Original Poetry.

What Argufies Whimp'ring and Whining?

BY E. G. CHILDS.

What argufies whimp'ring and whining,
Ill fate and hard luck still regretting?
No good's e'er achieved by repining;
And your fortune's the worse for your fretting.

If the world treats you badly, keep cool;
Let it know that it deals with a man.
Your whimp'ring but stamps you a fool,
And leaves you just where you began.

A fig for all luck good or ill—
For fortune and fate are but trash:
You can dig your own road if you will,
And pave it with honors and cash.

Then up, my brave fellow, and at it;
Dare the world, hard fortune and all:
If a trouble arises, combat it,
And drive every care to the wall.

For what argufies whimp'ring and whining,
Ill luck and hard fate still regretting?
Since no good is e'er gained by repining,
Let children and fools do the fretting.

New York, May 1st, 1859.

Phantom-Wooing.

BY WM. F. BRANNAN.

The mystic twilight welcomed us amain,
Adown a shady vale of pleasing gloom,—
O'erhung with vines, and many a fragrant bloom—
'Till we were lost in love's delicious pain.

The wayside streamlet, sang a vesper near—
In dreamlike cadence, to our utterance low—
A heart-song, gushing with resistless flow,
Of rippling music to the eager ear.

The wanton breath of warm, voluptuous Spring,
Encompassed us with a celestial bliss;
Each earnest dalliance seemed a lover's kiss—
With so much fondness did each zephyr cling.

Upon this calm and peerless eventide,
My lips found language—such as hearts express,
When overburdened with love's sweet excess
That won for me a soul-enchanting bride.

Was it a vision of my wayward brain,
That led me down beneath those Eden-skies,
With one who made this vale a paradise
Of angel rapture and elysian pain?

Alas, the scene has changed! my fairy bride
Was but a phantom-love; the dream is o'er—
The magic spell dissolved forever more,
Which charmed my soul on that blest eventide.

Louisville, Ky.

LAZINESS.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I.

My window-curtain sweeps
To and fro in the lazy breeze,
As sea-weeds swing and sway in the deeps
Of Southern Summer seas.

II.

The lazy sunshine sleeps
On the rose and snow of the apple-trees,
And lazy Spring my spirit steeps
In a lotos-dream of ease.

LOWELL INSTITUTE.

MR. WHIPPLE'S NINTH LECTURE.

Sidney, Raleigh.

The name of Sir Philip Sidney stands in the English imagination for more than his writings, more than his actions, more than his character. The English race has been fertile in great generals, great statesmen, great poets, great heroes, saints, and martyrs, but it has not mingled feelings of surprise [illegible] ornamental production in Sidney. Philip Sidney was born on the 29th of November, 1554. His father was Henry Sidney, a statesman of ability and integrity; his mother was Mary, sister of Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester. He was intended for public life, and, leaving the University at the age of seventeen, he was shortly after sent abroad to study the languages, and to observe the manners and mingle in the society of the continent. Wherever he went he won the hearts of all with whom he associated. After about three years' absence, Sidney returned to England, variously accomplished beyond any man of his years; but his very perfections seem to have stood in the way of his advancement. Such a combination of the scholar, the poet, and the knight-errant, so full of learning, of lofty imagination, of chivalrous sentiment, was too precious as a courtier to be employed as man of affairs, and Elizabeth admired, petted, praised, but hesitated to promote him. Sidney, who did not lack the knowledge, almost the conceit of his own merits, and whose temper was naturally impetuous, was far from being contented with the lot which was to make him the "mirror of courtesy," but which was to shut out from him the nobler ambitions of his manly and ardent nature. Still he submitted and waited, and the result was that the incidents of the career of this man, born a hero and educated a statesman, were ludicrously disproportioned to his own expectations and to his fame. In 1576, he was sent on an ornamental embassy to the Emperor of Germany. Soon after his return, he successfully vindicated his father, who was Governor of Ireland, from some aspersions which had excited the anger of Elizabeth: he also wrote a bold letter to the Queen against her projected matrimonial alliance with the little French Duke, on whose villanous person and still more villanous soul, she had pretended to fix her virgin affections. Wearied with court life, he soon retired to Wilton, the seat of his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, and there embodied in the romance of the *Arcadia* the thoughts, sentiments, and aspirations he could not realise in practice. The form of this work, it must be confessed, is somewhat fantastic, and the story tedious; but it is sound at the core; so pure, strong, and vital is the soul that animates it, and so much inward freshness and beauty is revealed the moment we pierce its outward crust of affectation, that no changes in the fashion of literature have ever been able to dislodge its eminence of place. The style of the book, in its good elements, was the best prose style which had yet appeared; in the characterisations of feminine beauty and excellence, Spenser and Shakespeare are anticipated, if not sometimes rivalled. But all these merits are apt to be lost on the modern reader, owing to the fact that though Sidney's thoughts were noble and his feelings genuine, his fancy was artificial. The *Arcadia* is rich in imagery, but in the same sentence we often find images that glitter like dewdrops, followed by images that glitter like icicles, and there is every evidence that to his taste the icicles were finer than the dewdrops. In 1581, Sidney was in parliament, and, shortly after, he wrote his *Defence of Poesy*. In 1583 he was married to the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. As his whole heart and imagination were at this time absorbed by the Stella of his sonnets, the beautiful Penelope Devereux, sister of the Earl of Essex, and as his passion does not appear to have abated after her marriage with Lord Rich, Sidney must be considered to have failed in love as in ambition—marrying the woman he respected, and losing the woman he adored. In 1585 he was appointed by the Queen Governor of Flushing, and in this post, and as general of cavalry, he did all that valor could do to repair the blunders and mischiefs which inevitably resulted from the cowardice, arrogance, knavery, and military imbecility of Leicester. On the 22d of September, 1586, he was dangerously wounded, and lay for many days in great agony, till his sufferings were brought to a close on the 17th of October, 1586.

In passing from Sidney to Raleigh, we pass to a less beautiful and engaging, but far more potent and comprehensive spirit. Raleigh was born in 1552, and was the son of a Devonshire gentleman of ancient family, of straitened income, and the father of numerous children. Nature denied him fortune only to lavish on him all the powers by which fortune is acquired. In his case, one of the most happily constituted of human intellects was lodged in a physical frame of perfect soundness and strength: action, adventure, was the necessity of his being; though distinguished at the University, he left it on the first opportunity for active life presented to him, and at the age of seventeen he joined the band of gentlemen volunteers who went to France to fight on the Protestant side in the civil wars by which that kingdom was convulsed. He returned in five years, and, shortly after, in 1580, an Irish rebellion broke out, and Raleigh, as captain of a company of English troops, engaged in the ruthless business of putting it down. He succeeded in ingratiating himself with Elizabeth, and his promotion was as rapid as Sidney's was slow; he was knighted, made Captain of the Guard, Seneschall of the County of Cornwall, Lord Warden of the Stanneries, and received a large grant of land in Ireland, in less than three years after his appearance at the Council Board, where a dispute which arose between him and the Lord Deputy of Ireland had been referred. Impelled by his nature, he now engaged in those great maritime enterprises to found a colonial empire for England, and to break down the power and humble the pride of Spain; in 1585, he obtained a patent from the Queen, under which was made the first settlement of Virginia; when this failed, he engaged in those privateering expeditions against the commerce and colonies of Spain, which can be justified on no general principles, but which the instinct of the English people both stimulated and sanctioned. In the height of Raleigh's favor with the Queen, his private marriage with one of her maids of honor brought down on his head the full storm of the royal virago's wrath; he was deprived of all the offices which gave him admission to her august presence, and was imprisoned with his wife in the tower. By a display of romantic despair at being deprived of the light of the royal countenance, he was released from confinement in two or three weeks, and immediately found means to perform such services that he partially regained the favor of Elizabeth, from whom he received the manor of Sherborne. Unsuccessful in recovering the full affection and esteem of his sovereign, Raleigh now thought to dazzle her imagination with a shining enterprise. He believed in the fable of El Dorado, which he conceived to lie somewhere in Guiana, in the region between the Orinoco and the Amazon. He anticipated the gain of immense wealth for himself, the greatest addition to the power and glory of England, and in February 1595, with a fleet of five ships he set out for the land of gold. On his return from this unsuccessful enterprise he published his account of *The large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana*, in which the failure of the expedition is recorded in connection with the undisturbed faith in the reality of its object. His intention was to resume this search, but the Queen having by this time nearly forgotten his offence, his ambition was stimulated by objects nearer home. In 1596, he won great fame for his intrepidity as Rear Admiral of the fleet which took Cadis, and in 1597 he still further distinguished himself by the capture of Fayal. On the accession of James I., Raleigh discovered that he was distrusted and would probably be disgraced, Cecil having poisoned the mind of Elizabeth's successor against him. He then became connected with a plot to raise Arabella Stuart to the throne, trusting in his own sagacity to avoid the appearance and evidence of treason, and to use the folly of the real conspirators as a means of forcing his claims on the attention of James. But the plot was discovered, Raleigh was tried on a charge of treason, and condemned to death. The sentence was, however, so palpably against the law and evidence that it was not executed; Raleigh was simply plundered of his estates, sent to the Tower, and confined there for thirteen years. The restless activity of his mind now found a vent in experimental science and literature, and he set himself resolutely to work, to write the His- [illegible] pardoned, in March 1616, having tempted the cupidity of James with details of the mineral wealth of Guiana, and having offered to conduct thither an expedition to open a gold mine. He set sail with a fleet of thirteen ships, arrived on the coast, sent up the Orinoco a large party, who, after having attacked and burned the Spanish town of St. Thomas, returned to their commander with the intelligence that they had failed to discover the mine. The accounts of what afterwards occurred in this ill-fated expedition are so confused and contradictory that it is impossible to obtain a clear idea of the facts. Raleigh returned to England to find the Spanish ambassador in the court of James clamoring for his life. On the 29th of October, 1618, he was beheaded, according to the old sentence, which had never been annulled by a pardon.

It was one of Raleigh's intentions to write an English epic, but his busy life only allowed him leisure for some miscellaneous pieces. Among these, his sonnet on his friend Spenser's *Faery Queene* would alone be sufficient to demonstrate the depth of his sentiment and the strength of his imagination. But his great literary work was the *History of the World*, written during his imprisonment in the Tower. Nearly a half of the immense folio is devoted to sacred history, and though the remaining portions, devoted to the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans, are commonly considered the most readable, inasmuch as they exhibit Raleigh, the statesman and warrior, sociably treating of statesmen and warriors, yet there is a more powerful attraction about Raleigh, the scholar, philosopher, and divine, as he appears in the earlier portions. The style of the book is excellent—clear, sweet, flexible, strait-forward, and business like. The defect of Raleigh's character, even when his ends were patriotic and noble, was unscrupulousness; an impatience with all moral obstacles obtruded in the path of his designs; a too confident belief in his own wit and courage, in his insight, foresight, and felicity of combination, and in carrying out his projects he sometimes risked his conscience with almost the same joyous recklessness with which he risked his life.—*Boston Courier.*

RARE BOOKS AT AUCTION.

Among the rare books comprised in the auction sale announced by George Leavitt & Co., to commence May 16th, we observed some of peculiar interest to the bibliopole and antiquarian. The library to be sold includes many books that were acquired at a great expense, and bound by the best binders in Europe, with a view to exhibition in the Crystal Palace, in this city, where they carried off the prizes. The catalogue especially mentions a rare book, published in London in 1695, containing the debate between the Houses of Lords and Commons in 1688, relating to the word Abdicate, and the vacancy of the throne by the flight of James II.; Lobo's Voyages to Abyssinia, published in 1789, the translation of which was the earliest literary labor of Dr. Samuel Johnson; Ludolphus's History of Ethiopia, 1682; Sir Egerton Brydges's critical work, *Res Literariæ*, on Italian literature, of which only seventy-five copies were printed in 1820; a series of plates representing the coronation of George IV., including faithful portraits of many distinguished individuals of the day. This is said to be the most remarkable monument of royal splendor, which has ever been published in any country. The expense of getting it up was so great, that although the proprietor was aided by a public grant of £5,000 and a liberal subscription, he lost a considerable sum by the undertaking; a complete file of the *Edinburgh Review*, from its commencement in 1802 to 1858, comprising 107 bound volumes; a rare series of plates representing the coronation of Napoleon I. The drawings were made at considerable expense by the celebrated Isabey, and contain accurate portraits of all the court. It was not completed till the moment of the fall of Napoleon, when the whole impression was carefully destroyed, and only those few escaped which were allowed to some members of the imperial cabinet; Sir Philip Sidney's works in folio volume, published in London, 1674; Murphy's "Arabian Antiquities in Spain," including 100 large plates. Other valuable works are, Selby's Ornithology (the copy exhibited at the Crystal Palace); Meyrick's Illustrations of Ancient Armor; Forster's British Gallery; *Galerie du Duc d'Orleans*; *Galerie Pitti*; the *Musée Royal*, 75 volumes, a work of the greatest magnitude and beauty, and the only copy ever brought to the United States; some very ancient and valuable missals, and a manuscript Bible of great antiquity and beauty.

The collection, which includes a great variety of works in history, fiction, poetry, arts, etc., is worth examining as a curiosity, even by those who do not intend to purchase.—*Eve. Post.*

[From the Evening Post.]

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

A LAY OF THE LAW.

"John Smith, Attorney, Counsellor" (aye, "Counsellor-at-law"),
For "Counsellor" alone, you know, would scarce be worth a straw.
The shingle looks respectable, directing folks "up stairs,"
(The cunning fellow don't inform his friends *how many pairs*,)
Quite cozy in his office, too (considering the rent),
Whose Lares and Penates are Cruise, Blackstone, Chitty, Kent,
Upon whose dusty table lies a formidable load
Of "Abbott's Forms," and "Whittaker," the "Statutes" and the "Code,"
Here, hunting up authorities for some supposed case,
Each time the door is oped, he looks to see a client's face;
But now a whining beggar comes, and now a little boy,
Whose "Any soap or lucifers?" his weary ears annoy.
"The wretched urchin seems to think," Smith cries in tones enraged,
"In diabolic, dirty work *all* lawyers are engaged."
And once each day he tells his clerk he's "going to the Hall,"
(Meaning thereby Delmonico's) "should anybody call."
And if informed on his return, "Some one's for you inquired,"
With hopes of fame and counsel-fees he's suddenly inspired;
Imaginary cases yield imaginary costs
(Poor buds of fancy soon to feel the actual's biting frosts).
So patiently he sits and waits, and sits and sucks his thumbs,
But, save in fancy's visions, the lost client never comes.
Then (like another Mohammed) he goes to see his friends,
And this the happy fortune that upon his steps attends:
One, taught by hard experience, thinks lawsuits do not pay,
That parties never gain by them, altho' their lawyers may;
Reiterates the sorry joke, a twinkle in his eye,
That *justice is so very blind*, and fees so very high,
He ne'er again will go to law, but says he'll recommend
With pleasure to Smith's legal care the first inquiring friend.
Another knows "that you were called the smartest boy at school,
That college Dons and classmates too, considered you no fool;"
"Moreover, you've an honest heart," he entertains no doubt,
(Though some think that from legal bosoms that's oft as well left out,)
"But then my cases always are important ones, you know,"
(Who ever knew one that was not deemed by the parties so:)
"And your experience of course cannot be very great,"
(To test his skill thus each kind friend doth for the other wait,)
One *feme covert*, in confidence, when feeling slightly ill,
Says she intends employing him ere long to draw her will;
But soon recovering, she decides not thus to tempt her fate,
And so for Smith in vain were passed the "laws of '48."
Now strongly is he tempted on the law to turn his back,
A magazinist to become, or literary hack,
To soar aloft in Pegasus, a five-act drama write,
Or blood-and-thunder stories for "The Scare-crow" to indite.
But he nerves his soul to patience, and strives this truth to see,
Who truly serves the Present, shall the Future's master be.
So, though diaries and registers for entries wait in vain,
With principles and precedents he furnishes his brain.
At length, quite unexpectedly, a suit falls in his way,
He wins it, and (what's better) makes the losing party pay.
Now friends begin to smile on him, and cases follow fast,
Till in the busy present he forgets the tedious past.
He worketh hard on lengthy "*briefs*," rejoiceth in "*complaints*,"
Continually he "*prayeth*," though he "*swears*" without restraint;
And if a darling debtor now departeth from the State,
Smith suddenly discovers an "*attachment*" very great,
(A plant which, in adversity, most frequently takes root,
Whose flowers shall crown his weary brow when fortune crowns his *suit*,)
Should "*nulla bona*" all his toils ungratefully requite
"Proceedings supplementary," his patient care invite,
(When Judgment Debtors smile as if caressed in Plenty's lap,
Yet swear they never yet have been, ne'er will be, worth a rap:)
At last a happy crisis comes, a glorious bubble breaks,
And some "N. A. T. B. Co's" case* his well-earned fortune makes.
Thus up a long and dusty road his way Smith slowly wends,
Till at the court of last resort his toilsome journey ends.

G. M.

---

* An allusion to the great North American Trust and Banking Company.

Two centuries and a half ago Shakespeare put the [illegible] in the play of King John [illegible] now, invests it with peculiar interest.

O Austria thou dost shame!
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! Thou art perjur'd, too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs!

The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 14, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

HISTORICAL.

Sketches of the History of the Town of Camden, Me. By John L. Locke, Member of the Maine Historical Society. Hallowell: Masters, Smith & Co.

The Annals of Albany. By Joel Munsell. Vol. X. 12mo. pp. 497. $1. Albany: Munsell & Rowland.

TRAVELS, ETC.

Army Life on the Pacific. Journal of an Expedition against the Tribes of the Cœur d'Alenes, Spokans, and Pelouses, in the Summer of 1858. By Lawrence Kip, Second Lieut., 3d Regiment Artillery, U.S.A. In 1 vol. 12mo. 50 cents. New York: J. S. Redfield.

Rambles About Portsmouth. Sketches of Persons, Localities, and Incidents of Two Centuries. Principally from tradition and unpublished documents. $1 75. Portsmouth: C. W. Brewster & Co.

To Cuba and Back; a Vacation Voyage. By R. H. Dana, Jr., author of "Two Years Before the Mast;" one handsome 16mo. volume. 75 cents. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

POETICAL.

The Complete Poetical Works of James G. Percival, now for the first time collected, with a Biographical Sketch and fine Portrait. 2 vols., blue and gold, uniform with Longfellow and Tennyson. $1 75. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

NOVELS, ETC.

The Casique of Kiawah. A Romance of Carolina. By Wm. G. Simms, with Illustrations by Darley. In one vol. 12mo. $1 25. New York: J. S. Redfield.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Life of George Washington. By Washington Irving. Vol. V. 8vo., $2. 12mo., $1 50. New York: G. P. Putnam.

Life of Gen. Henry Havelock. By Rev. J. T. Headley. One vol. 12mo. pp. 480. With Portrait on Steel, and four Wood Engravings. $1 25. New York: C. Scribner.

MEDICAL.

The Household Physician. By Ira Warren, A.M., M.D., Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc. In large super royal octavo, pp. 752. Illustrated with 236 fine engravings, and 20 illustrative figures on colored lithographic plates. $5 50. Boston: Bradley, Dayton & Co.

RELIGIOUS.

A Commentary—critical, expository and practical—on the Gospel of Luke, for the use of Ministers, Theological Students, private Christians, Bible Classes, and Sabbath Schools. By John J. Owen, D.D. One vol. 12mo. $1. New York: Leavitt & Allen.

The Christian Graces. By Rev. J. P. Thompson, D.D., of the Broadway Tabernacle. 1 vol. 16mo. 75c. New York: Sheldon & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The American Stair Builder; Containing a Complete Exposition of the whole Subject of Planning and Constructing Staircases and Handrails in an entirely New and Original Manner, together with Designs for Staircases, Handrails, Newels, and Balusters. Illustrated by eighteen large plates, embracing two hundred and forty-two distinct figures, with full detailed [illegible] building and Handrailing. By William P. Esterbrook, and James H. Monckton, Architects and Builders. 4to. New York: Baker & Godwin.

The Principles, Processes, and Effects of Draining Land with Stones, Wood, Plows, and Open Ditches, Especially with Tiles; including Tables of Rain Fall; Evaporation, Filtration, Excavation, Capacity of Pipes, Cost and Number to the Acre of Tiles, etc. And more than one hundred illustrations. By Henry F. French. The Pines, Exeter, N. H. 12mo. pp. 383. $1. New York: A. O. Moore & Co.

The Shipping Guide. Containing the names, locations, etc., of offices; days and hours of starting of all the City Expresses; Expresses to all towns and villages in the vicinity, and in this and the adjoining States; Expresses to all parts of the Union and Canada, Europe, etc. Also, the location of Offices, Piers, Depots, etc., of all the Railroad, Canal, and Transportation Lines to all parts of the Union and Canadas. New York: McDonald & Co.

The Base Ball Players' Pocket Companion. A Complete Manual of Base Ball, containing all matters relating to both Massachusetts and New York Games, from Official Reports. Illustrated with Cuts and Diagrams. Flexible cloth. 25 cents. Boston: Mayhew & Baker.

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